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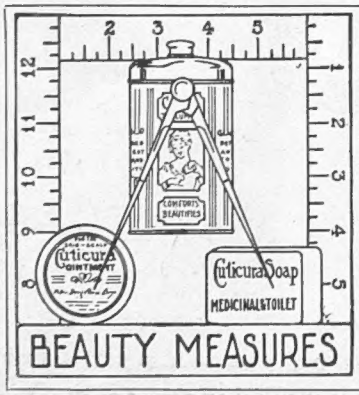

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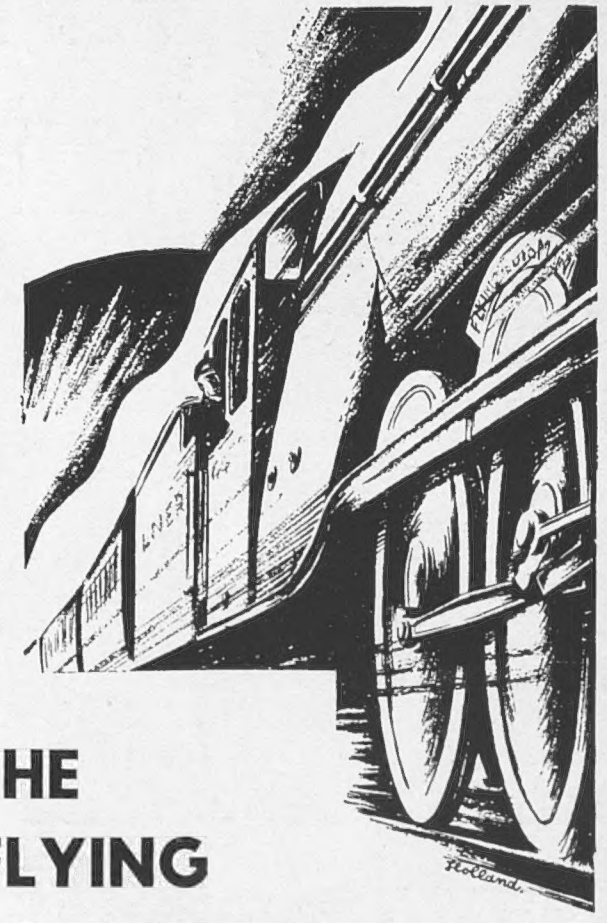

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LONDON NON-STOP EDINBURGH ROUTE

L·N·E·R

The Bystander, July 23, 1930

No. 1388. Vol. CVII

the BYSTANDER

Raphael

LADY DIGBY

The wife of Lord Digby and the youngest daughter of the second Lord Aberdare. Her sisters are the Countess of Bradford and the Countess of Rosebery. Lady Digby recently played a prominent part in the organising of the Living Poster Ball, held at the Park Lane Hotel

The "Maid's Head".
Norwich

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Amidst the "Inns" and outs of Life Player's Please

Wide World

THE POPULARITY OF AQUAPLANING

Mr. W. Battersby executing a swerve whilst aquaplaning at Sea View, in the Isle of Wight. This sport is growing more and more popular in this country, and the skill required to keep one's balance whilst being towed by a fast motor boat is very considerable

Photopress

Lady Millicent Tiarks, an enthusiastic polo player, who captained the Chislehurst ladies who met a team composed of ladies from all parts of the country. The match took place at Chislehurst

The Passing Hour

Who He Was

ON the following day I was walking into a famous hotel in the West End when the commissionaire gave a very respectful greeting to a man in a grey suit who was passing at the time. The man in the grey suit accepted the salute as a matter of form. Intrigued by his appearance I enquired from the commissionaire as to his identity. "Oh," said the commissionaire proudly, "that is the Duke of

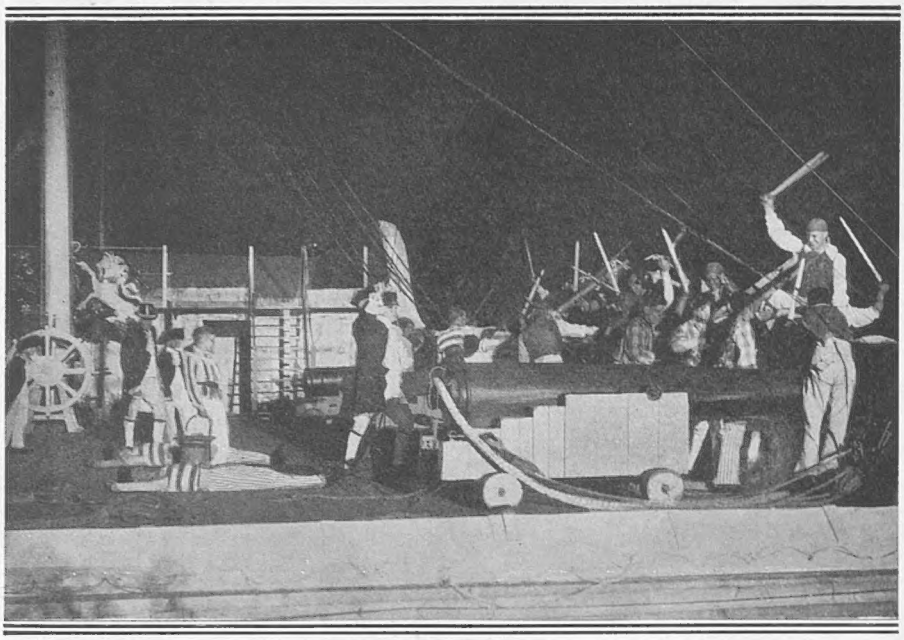
ALTHOUGH the Season is supposed to be almost over, several of the smart restaurants claim to be doing better than ever before. Quaglino says that last week he broke all records at luncheon and dinner. At the Embassy Club they had two kings in one day—the King of Greece at luncheon, and the King of Spain at dinner. That day the King of Spain had lunched at the Lucullus Restaurant in the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, and had sent for Fernandez, the Andalusian maître d'hôtel. He was with the Duke of Alba. In fact, altogether Royalty was greatly to the fore.

J. Balmain

THE DAILY ROUND AT GLENEAGLES

Visitors to Gleneagles making the most of a golfing holiday. They are Mr. Raymond de Trafford (left), Mr. Ian Menzies, the Countess of Portarlington, Mr. A. Wilson-Filmer, and Mr. Ronald Wilson

THE GREAT NAVAL TATTOO, PORTSMOUTH



Photographs

A realistic scene of hand-to-hand fighting on Queen Charlotte during the battle of the Glorious First of June

King George III and Queen Charlotte about to enter t Que

Above are seen three of the incidents in the striking Naval Tattoo which opens to-morrow, July 24, at Portsmouth. It

Alba's personal valet." There was a wealth of admiration and envy in his voice.

Rivals

STAYING at Claridges is the former Miss Charlotte Brown, who was the outstanding débutante of the 1927 season, introducing as she did the chignon and the long skirts all by herself. Now she is Mrs. Condert Nast, the daughter-in-law of Mr. Conde Nast. Whereby hangs a tale. For her stepmother-in-law is only twenty-two, being a bare year older than she. They married within a few weeks of each other and two days before Mrs. Conde Nast had a daughter Mrs. Condert Nast had a son.

His Castle in Wales

SEVERAL very interesting Americans are in London at the moment. They include Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Solbert. Mr. Solbert will be remembered as the military attaché at the American Embassy in London when Mr. Davies was Ambassador. On his return to America, Mr. Solbert went to the White House for two years. But now he is in business. Mr. Hearst, another leading American visitor, concerning whose activities in England many rumours are rife, has gone off to his castle in South Wales.

Osterley

WHEN you motor out of London on the Great West Road towards Maidenhead or Henley it seldom occurs to you to wonder what lies behind those little houses on either side of the road. The other day I went over to tea at Osterley Park, Lady Cynthia Slessor's magnificent house at Isleworth. It has glorious

Keystone

Some of the many competitors for the Blue Riband of shooting, the King's Prize, in action on the ranges at Bisley. (Above) A veteran shot, Mr. J. W. Thomas, who, despite his seventy-four years, returned a score of 32 out of a possible 35 in the first stage of the King's Prize

ON THE RANGES AT BISLEY

on their way to visit the famous ship bearing the

Photopress

After the victory of the Glorious First of June. King George III presenting the Sword of Honour to the British commander, Earl Howe

rganised by the Naval School of Gunnery at Portsmouth in celebration of their centenary, which was reached this year

L. N. A.

Miss M. E Foster, a well-known marksman, who was one of the five women to compete for the King's Prize this year. Earlier in the meeting at Bisley she set up a new record for her sex with ten bulls

grounds, including tennis courts and a lake. While the house itself is pure Adam from top to bottom, it took seventeen years—from 1760 to 1777—to build. Only the other day the original designs for the house with the Adams' signatures thereon were found in an attic.

Pursuit

THE house has a romantic history. Its original owner was Childe the banker, whose only daughter ran away with the tenth Lord Westmorland. He pursued them on a coach, but the gallant Earl shot one of the horses and escaped. Childe never really forgave them, but settled all his money and the house on their eldest child, who became the famous Lady Sara Fane. Quite like a novel!

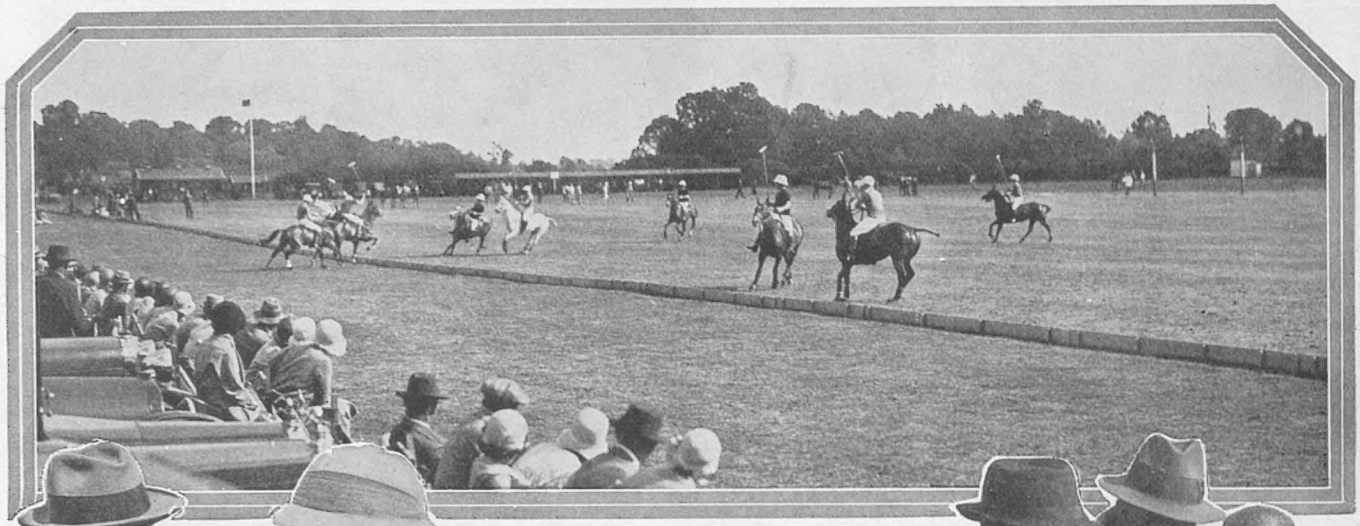
Coming of Age

LADY CYNTHIA SLESSOR'S eldest son, Lord Jersey, will soon be celebrating his twenty-first birthday. He has been an undergraduate at Oxford, and is of a rather retiring nature. His

Raphael

Mlle Marie Maurissen-Ruglioni, whose marriage to Mr. Hubert Hamilton Earle, the only son of the late Mr. Ronald Hamilton Earle and of Lady Grayson, took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on July 17

POLO DAYS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY



A struggle on the boards during the final of the County Polo Association's S.W. Divisional Novices' Tournament, held on the Beaufort Club's ground at Cirencester. The Tournament resulted in a win for Spye Park, who beat West Gloucester by 3 goals to 2

Capt M. J. Kingscote and Capt. C. T. I. Roark discussing prospects before the International Trial game at Cirencester

Capt. C. Tremayne, Capt. A. W. S. Pilkington and Mrs. M. J. Kingscote on the Beaufort Club's ground, Cirencester

It is said to have started when one of the guests brought two friends unasked to the dinner party. Whereupon the hostess said they were not her type, and anyway she had not asked them. They left.

Engagement

MISS ROSEMARY HOPE-VERE, whose engagement has now been announced to Mr. Drury-Lowe, evidently does not believe in long delays. She is going to get married in October, as she told her many friends at a cocktail party she has just given to celebrate the event. She actually "accepted" over the chicken course at the Embassy Club, where many other young persons have first plighted their troth.

sister, Lady Ann Villiers, is a pretty girl with auburn hair. She was presented at Court this year.

Those Who Run . . .

ECHOES of a certain dinner party in Mayfair are still to be heard. Indeed, this famous American hostess's potential guests are alleged to be determined to boycott her parties in the future.

Photographs *Sport and General*

General Sir Hubert Gough presenting the Subalterns' Gold Challenge Cup to Mr. O. C. B. Smith-Bingham, who captained the 17th/21st Lancers. In the final at Randigh they beat the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards by 13 goals to 5

THE SEASON OF WOODLAND NYMPHS!

Lenare

GOOD QUEEN BESS

Lady Bird in her striking make-up as Queen Elizabeth, whom she impersonated in the Warwick Pageant

Sport and General

A view of the arena during one of the episodes of the Warwick Pageant, held in Warwick Castle Park. The scene shows the passing of the funeral cortège of Richard Beauchamp

Sport and General

Another incident in the Warwick Pageant. Titania, played by Lady Cynthia Asquith, is seen with Puck (Mr. Godfrey Winn). The pageant, which drew many spectators to the castle grounds, was a great success

Topical

A scene from Milton's masque, "Comus," as played at Ashridge House, Berkhamsted. Comus (Mr. Arthur Bryant), surprises the Lady (Miss Rosemary Corry)

Racing Hints *By "Old Orkney"*

Add these names to the list of "Horses to Follow." Each-way wagers until they win.

SFANDIA finished fourth in a field of eleven for the Soltykoff Stakes (five furlongs 140 yards) at Newmarket. Was well supported as a result of running into third place to Crusty at Salisbury. Will pay to follow.

EMERALD STAR failed by a short head in a five furlongs race at Folkestone, and should be followed over this distance; was soundly backed. Ran a good race last month when finishing fourth to Seaton Ross.

FLY LEAF, by the Derby winner Papyrus, was liberally supported at 9 to 4 and 2 to 1 to win the Falmouth Stakes (one mile) at Newmarket. Finished third. Performed creditably at Ascot and should soon gain winning brackets.

LADY PALATINE failed by a length and a half to win the Langridge Plate, Bath (five furlongs). Money returning to the course. All rates from 5 to 1 down to 7 to 4 were taken. Losses will be recovered.

DOUBLE SPOT should win a sprint race in the near future. Was backed at 100 to 16 (five times) down to 7 to 2 at Lingfield. Finished sixth.

ANTHURIUM was singled out for wagering upon at Lingfield, following a smart performance at Epsom, where he was beaten a short head by Versailles. At Lingfield was confidently supported each way and to win 500 to 60 was taken three times. Was third.

WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

Central News

Mr. Edward Orr-Ewing, of the Black Watch, son of the late Mr. C. L. Orr-Ewing, M.P., and of Lady Augusta Inskip, and his bride, Miss Jean Fergusson, third daughter of Sir James and Lady Fergusson, after their wedding at Chichester Cathedral. With them are seen the bridesmaids, the Misses Anne, Margaret and Susan Fergusson, Miss Angela Culme Seymour, Miss W. Williams and Lady Anne Gathorne-Hardy (cousins of the bride), Miss Frances Dugdale, Miss Hilaria Edgcumbe, and Miss Margaret Napier. The best man was Captain George Rush

I. B.

After the wedding of Mr. James Connolly and Miss Eileen Mary Starr, the well-known singer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Starr, of Melbourne, the bride telephoned to her parents in Australia. Miss Starr was trained by Dame Nellie Melba, and has often appeared in Grand Opera with her

Vandyk

MISS ALICE MARY LILLEY

Only daughter of the late Mr. Wilfred Lilley and of Mrs. A. E. Lilley, of St. John's Wood, and formerly of Winslow, Cheshire, who is shortly to marry M. Pierre Charles Manalt-Hoschede, elder son of M. and Mme Manalt-Hoschede

Modern Modes

THAT is indeed the modern way. Few people get engaged in conservatories now in the way their parents did, if only because there are so few conservatories. Private dances are the recognised places for engagements, but the modern dance orchestra is so much less romantic than the strains of the "Blue Danube." Besides, like conservatories, private dances, are very much on the wane now; and, anyway, the young men who are invited to them never have enough money to propose, while the debutantes have no intention of being married practically out of the schoolroom.

The Bluejackets

SAILORS on horseback have been a regular joke in the past. But Lord Louis Mountbatten and his gallant colleagues who form the Bluejackets Polo Team have been doing very well. Although their total handicap is only five, they defeated several quite good teams, and now they are so filled with hope and sportsmanship that they propose to go to Deauville and play there throughout the last three weeks of next month.

At Brioni

DEAUVILLE looks as though it is going to have a very good August indeed. At Brioni, Lord Ava and his

THE KING OF SPAIN AND YACHTING

Bassano

Mr. Charles Michael Stratton, second son of the late Mr. C. J. Stratton and of Mrs. W. H. Allen, and Miss Anne Drummond, elder daughter of Captain the Hon. Rupert Drummond, R.N., and Lady Evelyn Drummond, photographed after their wedding. The best man was Mr. Humphrey Stratton, the bridegroom's brother, while the four child bridesmaids were Miss Jane, Miss Martha and Lady Moyra Butler and Miss Barbara Murdoch. The grown-up bridesmaids were Miss Jean Drummond, Miss Maryel Drummond, Lady Katherine Howard, Miss Vida Cuthbert, Miss Rose Stratton, and Miss Betty Style

newly married bride, the former Miss Maureen Guinness, are safely ensconced on their honeymoon. Major Ralph Peto, who is thinking of writing his memoirs, is there, too. The Duchess of Spoleto, however, has just gone. Brioni is a very attractive place.

A Sporting Race

THE King of Spain, who was recently involved in a car smash in Hyde Park whilst en route to Buckingham Palace, has now left England, and it seems doubtful whether he will return after all in time for Cowes, despite his new yacht, which he is anxious to sail in this country. One of the most attractive yachting events which will draw many entries is the race between Plymouth and Santander in the middle of next month. The first yacht to arrive there will receive the King's Cup, presented personally by him. The race should take anything between two and a half days to four, according to conditions.

Lafayette

MISS JULIET MARY LINDSAY

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Lindsay, of South Audley Street, whose engagement is announced to the Marquess of Waterford. Lord Waterford has recently been staying at his Irish seat, Curraghmore House, Portlaw

The Dancers

THOSE two fascinating dancers, Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon, are proving a tremendous draw at the Splendide, where they have appeared for a fortnight. They thought that they were going to take part in Mr. Cochran's next revue. However, at the last moment no room could be found for them, although they were offered parts in the new Noel Coward operetta, *Ever Green*, which will come to London in October. This they have been unable to accept, as they will be returning to New York in November. Meanwhile, they are captivating London with their dancing.

G.P.U.

A VERY HAPPY BRIDEGROOM

Mr. Archibald Robert Fleming, elder son of the Rev Dr. Archibald Fleming and Mrs. Fleming, of Beaufort Gardens, and the Hon. Alexandra Cora Weir, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Inverforth, leaving St. Colomba's, Pont Street, after their recent wedding

THE AMAZING THIRD TEST: INCIDENTS

Central News

Bradman falls but just manages to save his wicket after missing a ball from R. Tyldesley just after he had passed his double century

Central Press

Don Bradman discards his trusty blade and takes a well-earned rest after he and A. F. Kippax had put on 229 runs for the third wicket before the latter was caught by the English captain at backward point. The third Test ended far from happily for England, who were saved from defeat only by the rain which prevented all but about an hour's play on the Monday. The dearth of really powerful English bowlers was made painfully apparent during this match

THE HERO OF THE THIRD TEST Central Press

"Boy" Bradman, the young Australian, whose wonderful innings of 334 at Leeds shattered the Test Match record of the late R. E. Foster, who, at Sydney on December 14, 1903, scored 287

A GENER

The scene of the third Test Matc condemned this ground as a suit accurate

IN "BOY" BRADMAN'S GREAT INNINGS

Central Press

Bradman receiving an ovation from the large crowd at Leeds on returning to the Pavilion after making his record-breaking score of 334. Inset, the end of Bradman's innings. Duckworth making the catch off Tate's bowling which ended the batsman's stay

Sport and General

VIEW OF THE HEADINGLEY GROUND

Leeds, where the rain seriously interfered with the play. Many critics venue for test matches, claiming that the condition of the turf was such that became a matter of considerable difficulty

Central Press

WAS HOBBS OUT?

The much-discussed catch by which E. L. à Beckett dismissed Hobbs after he had scored 29. There was considerable doubt as to whether the ball had struck the ground or not, and it was only after the umpires had conferred together that the catch was allowed

AT THE PLAY

THE HARVEST—A POOR THEATRICAL CROP

By Vernon Woodhouse

"THE LOVE RACE" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE
Stanley Lupino as Dennis King, cum Bobby Jones, cum Stanley Lupino

THE theatrical season of 1929-30 synchronised with a blaze of sunshine, and a heat wave outside the theatre and a deep depression and a horrid frost within. During the last nine months far more money has been lost in theatrical enterprise than has been made. Indeed, were it not for the fact that three productions were carried over, so to speak, from the previous season, and, therefore, cannot be legitimately classed with this year's successes, the loss could be estimated on a very much larger scale.

OUR elder dramatists have not broken their stage silence during the last nine months. Sir James Barrie has made some delightful speeches, but has written no new plays. Sir Arthur Pinero has published two plays—one gloomy, one satirical, and both good, but neither *Dr. Harmer's Holidays* nor *Child Man* has yet been produced. Somerset Maugham has devoted his time to giving us a most readable book of travel. Bernard Shaw has remained silent since his Apple Cart was upset.

THE big successes carried over were *Journey's End, Bitter Sweet* and *The First Mrs. Fraser*, all three of them big money-makers, and all three as different from each other as can be. Here we have a war play, an operette, and a light comedy all making a big appeal. Which goes to prove that the public will be attracted by any sort of entertainment—*provided it is good enough*. The habit of theatre-going still exists, but the public avoid, as they would the plague, plays which are not necessarily bad—but *not* good enough.

Laddie Cliff and Connie Emerald indulge in some very fast footwork without the excuse of a ball. So quick are their movements that the artist was unable to give a speaking likeness of their feet

EDGAR WALLACE, amongst the newer dramatists, is the man who seems to possess an uncanny knack of hitting the public taste. His output is not so enormous as it used to be, but the quality of what he does write is absolutely first-class of its kind. *On the Spot* should be on the spot at Wyndham's for some time yet. Faith in his own work—faith not unjustified—has made of him that *rara avis*, an author-manager.

SKETCHES OF "THE LOVE RACE," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

I BELIEVE that in Neil Munro we have a dramatist of the greatest promise. One swallow does not make a summer, but his *Petticoat Influence* now playing at the St. Martin's is so well constructed, so witty, and written with such sense of character that he ought, in the future, to make a big name for himself. Captain Harwood is another dramatist who can deliver the goods, more especially when writing original plays and not being hampered by dramatising someone else's novels.

S

THEN, of course, we have Noel Coward, who is capable of anything. Quite apart from his witty comedies, he has also given us a first-rate revue and a perfect operette in *Bitter Sweet*. Wisely he is not overwriting—a long tour in foreign climes has kept him busy for some months—and his next effort I look forward to with interest entirely unmixed with apprehension, because he is now taking time and not rushing his fences.

S

ST. JOHN ERVINE is another dramatist who, now that he has tasted the juicy fruits of a big financial success, ought to be able to repeat the dose without offending his artistic conscience; but of R. C. Sherriff I am not so sure. *Badger's Green* showed that he was all of a twitter when placing women on the stage, and, whether he likes it or not, a mixture of men and women in nine hundred and ninty-nine cases out of a thousand go to make a successful play.

A new portrait of Edgar Wallace, complete with lengthy cigarette holder, who is described in this article as one of our newer dramatists who seem to possess an uncanny knack of hitting the public taste. His crook play, "On the Spot," at Wyndham's Theatre, is one of the few successes of a poor theatrical season

Madge Elliott jumps into Cyril Ritchards arms without provocation—skirts permitting—at any odd time

AS for still lighter stuff, it struck me that Ben Travers shows some slight signs of tiring in his new farce at the Aldwych, which is really not surprising considering that for years now he has been commissioned to fit the same company, but Ian Hay (in collaboration) in *The Middle Watch*, using an old theme in a new setting, scored a success, but only a qualified one (also in collaboration) with *A Song of Sixpence*.

S

THERE are, of course, other dramatists I have left unmentioned, but were I to double the number there would not be enough to go round to provide successes for our London "legit" theatres, even when plays of foreign origin help to fill—to fill the stage, at all events—some of them.

S

OF course, musical comedy must not be left out of the reckoning, but if the legitimate drama is in none too good a state the musical comedy world is in a worse one. English shows are now a safer card to play than American, and where there is a policy, as in *The Love Race* at the Gaiety (illustrated on these pages), with the same popular favourites remaining in a company, the chances of success are considerably improved.

S

THE playgoing public, in good times or bad, will always pay to see a show of any sort which has a big appeal, and we shall hear far less about theatrical slumps when managers have learnt to foster home-grown talent. In that direction, and in no other, lies the successful future of the theatre, let talkies, silent films, and other rival attractions do what they will.

V. W.

HAMILTON FYFE

The author of the interesting study of Lord Northcliffe reviewed on this page

HAMILTON FYFE'S LIFE OF NORTHCLIFFE By "Kim"

Is it too early to appraise the work of Lord Northcliffe? Are we too near to his achievements to be able to measure justly and without prejudice the character and accomplishments of a man whom both friends and foes agreed possessed genius of a high order? At all events, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has made a bold effort to reproduce "The Chief," without fear or favour, and it may be said with considerable success. Mr. Fyfe, himself one of the most brilliant men in journalism, and for many years a close confidante of Northcliffe, has painted him on a big canvas and reveals a colossal figure.

THIS is all the more commendable because a journalist might be perhaps forgiven if he concentrated more on the newspaper side of Northcliffe's activities than on his other and far more important aspect as a public man who, shunning the limelight he could not always avoid, behind the scenes justified the claim made for him by two such totally different men as Prince Max of Baden and Lord d'Abernon, our late Ambassador to Berlin. "He not only prepared and co-operated," said Prince Max, at that time an enemy, "his was often the directing will!" "Without him," observed Lord d'Abernon in his Memoirs, "the Board of Control might not have been able to carry the necessary measures." Anyone reading Mr. Fyfe's book will agree that these two distinguished and acute observers were not exaggerating.

NORTHCLIFFE was never understood by the man in the street, who generally regarded him as a "Press Peer," and whatever action his papers took jumped to the conclusion that it was a "stunt" for selling more papers and making more money. Thus, when in the first years of the War the Chief, who realised Kitchener at the War Office was a hideous mistake, and took bold steps to get him removed, had to suffer the humiliation of having *The Daily Mail* publicly burned on the Stock Exchange by the infuriated brokers, who before very long realised that *The Daily Mail* was right. The public were not entirely to blame, for Northcliffe in his newspapers adopted a provocative attitude when it seemed necessary, for he had great faith in the common-sense of the public. He always "threw a pebble":

> "Throwing his pebble every day into the pond, he makes *The Daily Mail* both interesting and powerful. His eye ranges over the whole field of human activities. Now he despatches correspondents to China, to Peru; now he works up agitations for a larger Navy or reduced taxation. . . ."

"EVERYONE knew that *The Daily Mail* office was unlike any of the old newspaper offices," says Mr. Fyfe very truly; "in it there was no hierarchy. Anyone might rise to any position." Such was Northcliffe before the War, a "magnetic, handsome man, with the large, brilliant eyes and the mane of fair hair falling over the left side of his forehead." He was very successful and very rich, but he had no use for money for itself, only for what he could do with it.

Ernest H. Mills

"THE CHIEF" AT HIS DESK

"A magnetic, handsome man, with the large, brilliant eyes and the mane of fair hair falling over the left side of his forehead"

IT is the War chapters of Mr. Fyfe's book that really reveal Lord Northcliffe as far more than a great journalist and successful business man, for there he tells the world for the first time—what only a few of us knew—that he was the great national figure who more than any other enabled us to win the War. The hand of Northcliffe first stirred in what became the Munitions crisis. He agitated for a closer blockade of Germany when the whole nation was furious at the timidity of the Government in a partial blockade. He first boldly realised the necessity of conscription, and urged it on a timid Asquith. He prevented the unpopular and foolish movement of the Government to enforce War-time Prohibition. And he forced Asquith's resignation and was behind the Coalition that gave confidence to the country. The public memory is short, and few remember the fatuous Liberal Government which was tottering to its fall when the War suddenly burst on the horizon. But Northcliffe knew his men; he had appraised the politicians—and he towered over them like an unseen Colossus, guiding the movements of puppets. "Northcliffe," says Mr. Fyfe, "had a contempt for politicians. They never went straight for anything. They shilly-shallied, beat about the bush. They had no pluck, no imagination."

ONE cannot read this book without realising the national loss the Empire sustained in the Chief's premature death. Twice he refused Cabinet rank, but he directed the Propaganda War, which more than all else wore down first the Austrians and later the Germans, as admitted by Hindenburg himself. If, at the date of the Armistice, Northcliffe had represented our country instead of the sentimental muddlers who toyed with great issues and have left us the present loss of prestige as a result, things would to-day be very different. If he had been sent to the United States, where he was persona grata, to negotiate the Repayment of the War Loan, which Mr. Baldwin agreed upon such onerous terms, he would doubtless have made far different conditions.

"ALFRED" (as he was always to his intimates) was a great man, and Mr. Fyfe shows us what the nation really owes to one who was generally regarded, through his own modesty, less as a statesman than a "stunt merchant," for the secret history of the War is wrapped up in Northcliffe.

"Northcliffe," by Hamilton Fyfe (George Allen and Unwin, 16s.).

THE question is not whether man descended from the monkey, but when he is going to stop descending.

BY STAN TERRY

THE FILM FAN PARSON: *"We will now sing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' which we are plugging as the theme song for this morning's service!"*

If Gossip

Planet News

LONDON'S NEW LIDO!

Many well-known people have been availing themselves of the opportunity for a dip afforded by Mr. Lansbury, whose London Lido, otherwise the bathing area in the Serpentine, has been proving most popular. Dorothy Seacombe, the young actress, who plays lead in the film version of "The Yellow Mask," is seen preparing to take an early plunge

Yevonde

A PROMISING YOUNG ACTRESS

Lesley Wareing, younger daughter of Mr. Alfred Wareing, the theatrical manager. She recently made her London debut in "The Macropulos Secret" at the Arts Theatre Club

THERE are likely to be many opportunities for gaiety in London in August, if by gaiety is connoted sitting up until the small hours in a dance club whose waiters whisk away the whisky and soda or the half-full glass of champagne when it is most needed in order to make the most expensive country in the world at the same time the most uncomfortable.

What has been happening is that practically every proprietor or committee of such establishments has argued on the following lines: "Every other club will close down in August. Some people are certain to remain in London in August or to spend a couple of days there en passant. They will have nowhere to go to o' nights. Therefore they will be only too delighted to find one place that does remain open and will be forced to come to us. And we shall make a fortune." What will happen, I imagine, is that all such resorts will remain open and that none of them will make a fortune.

BUT it is a serious thing for any institution that is in full swing and has created a vogue to suspend operations temporarily. The public—particularly that very small section of it that buys stalls in theatres and champagne at supper time—is fickle. Once they drop any habit they are slow to pick it up again. In the case of a club or restaurant a vacation means that one's waiters and kitchen-staff are dispersed and that a large percentage will never return. Discipline, efficiency and smooth working have all to be worked up afresh. The food difficulty is not so serious. That cold roast fowl has probably reposed in an ice-chest for six months anyway, and a further six weeks won't hurt it.

POLO to me has always been one of the eternal mysteries. It is, for instance, mysteriously exclusive, and a pukka chukka is a far more fashionable affair even than Sophie Tukka. I went down to Roehampton the other day to see the Ashtons play the Roarks. I was armed with a ticket of invitation and, if I did not carry with me an aura of exclusiveness (though that is a charge that has been levelled against me by people I have cut because they bore me or make me feel nervous or simply because I have not seen them) I was at any rate clean, decently dressed, and sober.

OLD LADY (*reaching her sixty-eighth quest*
THE CYNIC: "'Cos none of the unemployed r

We Must.

Planet News

Miss Jill Esmond Moore, the young actress, with her fiance, Mr Laurence Oliver, the youngest son of the Rev. G. K. Oliver, of Addington Rectory, Winslow, and himself an actor. She is the daughter of Miss Eva Moore and the late Mr. H. V. Esmond, the dramatist, in many of whose plays his wife appeared

But in the art of making (or, in this case, unsuccessfully attempting to make) a person feel small, commend me to the official who scrutinised the arrivals at the British Empire Garden Party, which happened to be the cause of this particular polo jamboree at the Roehampton Club. Since one should not, I suppose, abuse servants of a club of which one does not happen to be a member, I concentrated instead on the British Empire and the guests from the Dominions.

IT is difficult to concentrate on polo since it always takes place on the part of the ground which is farthest removed from where one is sitting. I know that there seems to be spectators near that part, but I have come to the conclusion that they are a mirage. At any rate no one seems ever to have met them, since whenever one talks of polo, the stock remark, except, of course, among the initiates, is "very interesting—but it always takes place, etc., etc. . . ." But I always like the man—there is one in every polo team—who shouts loudly "leave it to me"—and misses it. I found that this down Roehampton way almost compensated for that little incident at the entrance gate.

By Leslie P. Marchant

'And exactly why are you pulling these lamp-posts down?'
ere won't lean against 'em!"

AN extraordinary thing has happened to Paris. It has become entirely French. The place has been growing increasingly non-American ever since the little Wall Street affair; but now it is possible to walk along the street for as long as ten seconds without hearing the accent that has been piercing the world like a combination of gimlet and Klaxon horn. Let me hasten to add that the owners of this accent are among God's noblest creations, and in the words of a Dickens character, "most remarkable people."

ON July 14, when there is a general annual hullabaloo and even the chemists' shops are closed, everyone shut up about that ineffable publicity-hound, Lafayette, and danced in the streets instead. Except that the little cafés which dressed the members of their jazz bands, for some inscrutable reason, like American sailors, it was the most French sight I have ever seen, and a very jolly one.

IF an English crowd were to be found dancing in, say, the Kentish Town

IRENE BORDONI

The French stage and screen star, who is very well known in the United States, opened a short season at the Kit-Cat last week. Mlle Bordoni, whose work is rather like that of Delysia, lately played lead opposite Jack Buchanan in the film, "Paris"

A CURSE-ORY RHYME

Mr. Mead, the Marlborough Street magistrate, sternly reproved a witness who admitted that he had used an adjective found in Shakespeare—to say nothing of Shaw's "Pygmalion."

WHEN you foozle your drive at the third,
To language that's coarse give no vent,
Eliza Dolittle's bad word
Is NEVER employed by a gent.
But say, if you wish,
"Dash, blow, bother and pish"
Smiling the while like Miss Lillian Gish,
Till all your fierce passions are spent.

When you miss a soft smash at the net,
Indulge in no vulgar abuse,
REAL gentlemen, please don't forget,
For bad, wicked words have no use,
Although you may say,
If the chance comes your way,
And provided the word is the score in the play,
And no ladies are present, "Oh, deuce!"

When your partners at Auction revoke,
For swearing there's not the least need,
Pass it off with a decorous joke—
Let your heart, not your lips, start to bleed.
Yes, DO be a gent
And never give vent
To encarnadined oaths that you'll later repent—
If you MUST swear, swear only by-Mead.

B. W.

G. P. U.

Phil Scott, who will meet Young Stribling on July 28, recently arrived at Hull from Oslo, where he has been spending a holiday preparatory to going into strict training for his heavyweight fight. Above he is seen showing one of the ship's officers a fine catch which, presumably, was not all bagged with the same fly

Road, it would be because they were well and truly drunk. At 2 a.m. I found the Rue Faubourg Montmartre quite impassable, though not impossible, by reason of the dancers. Yet every man and every woman, so far as it was humanly possible to discern, was as sober as the bevy of bishops at the recent Lambeth Conference. Nowhere could one hear the hiccough that cheers a lot of inebriates. This was because anybody who wanted to could have got drunk at any time—and therefore nobody wanted to.

The French not only talk about liberty, they go in for it. We talk about liberty just as much, but leave it at the parrot cries about "England the land of the free"; in point of fact, "this precious gem, set in a silver sea," has about as much freedom in it as Devil's Island. It's more expensive, too. But the climate's better. So we must pay for that, I suppose.

A rare example of Chinese painting on double glass, bringing out the perspective to great advantage. This is one of the eighteenth-century glass pictures from Sir Arthur du Cros' collection at Craigweil House, Bognor Regis, which was used by the King during his convalescence after his severe illness. These, amongst others, are being shown at the Gill and Reigate Galleries in aid of the Middlesex Hospital

By Bertram Prance

STINGY GOLFER: "You usually get one and sixpence? Well, here's a shilling for you"

CADDIE: "Right ho, we'll call the other tanner entertainment tax!"

I MAKE no excuse for harping week by week on this theme, and waxing serious on it. So many of us shrug our shoulders and accept the inevitable. I do not, partly because I am not quite certain how to shrug anything, and partly because I resent being dictated to by a prejudiced minority, even if it includes Lady Astor, who is in other respects a brilliant and charming woman.

By Starr Wood

"Oh, Jim, if only I knew for certain that you loved me, and not my money"
"Test me, my dear. Test my honesty"
"But how?"
"Lend me ten shillings until to-morrow"

IT was on July 14, 1789, that the Bastille fell. Will Mistinguett ever fall? It is very doubtful, particularly since in the dances in which she indulges at the Casino de Paris she nowadays plays for safety. The continued existence of revues of this type in a city that is supposed to be gay and lives up to 99 per cent. of its reputation should completely baffle both the historian and the sociological expert. The art of acting and an instinct for bright music, attractive colours, and wit, if not humour, are implanted in the French nation. Of that there is not the smallest possible doubt. How, then, can they continue to produce at their larger revue theatres entertainments that are devoid of any of these qualities? This Mistinguett revue, to which I conducted some now disillusioned friends who wished to sample a new experience, I found witless, tawdry, and without one quarter of the merit of such pantomimes as tour the smaller towns of South Wales. And it is one of many.

MISTINGUETT herself appears in so many scenes, greeted by a band of fortissimo clappers somewhere in the circle, that the comedians, who may very possibly be quite a funny gang, have no chance to do anything. The job of nearly everyone is simply to "feed" her. The music is a rehash of the American jazz tunes popular in London a couple of years back, with Noel Coward's "I'll see you again" as the motif for any and every sentimental scene.

THE dresses fall back on masses of feathers, but otherwise look shabby and silly. If Cochran, de Bear, or Charlot were to produce revues like this in London they would not last a week. For it is only when they cross the Channel that revue-goers seem to lose any sense of taste they may possess. But if "Mis" ever admits that she is on her last legs, they are certain to be shapely ones.

TWO SCENES FROM "THE SWAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

The regal supper at which a tutor, Dr. Agi (Colin Clive), is seated next to Princess Alexandra (Edna Best) in order to excite the jealousy of Prince Albert (Herbert Marshall) on her left, while the anxious mother of Alexandra, Princess Beatrice (Henrietta Watson), hopes that her little scheme will make Albert propose. Also at the supper table are Father Hyacinth (C. V. France), Princess Beatrice's brother, Symphorosa (Marion Watson), and Colonel Wunderlich (Basil Loder). In the upper photograph Dr. Agi, who is much enamoured of the princess, looks on while Father Hyacinth offers sage advice to Princess Alexandra

BY FOUET

CORES AND EFFECT

FILM NOTES

AMERICAN PRODUCERS on BRITISH HABITS

BY LIONEL COLLIER

With the advent of the talkies more care is being shown in detail, and the English voice is certainly being cultivated. A very good example of what can be done when national characteristics are studied and meticulous care is paid to detail is to be seen in "Raffles," an adaptation or pot-pourri of E. W. Hornung's short stories and plays which have been adapted for the screen by Sydney Howard.

Certainly he has made a very good job of it. Just once or twice there is an artificiality in the atmosphere, but otherwise no one could complain of the treatment, or be anything else but very well entertained by the well-knit plot. Taking the faults first, one is rather amazed to find that the day after a country house cricket match the characters go to Town to be met by a London "particular" fog. Into this they walk clad in top-coats. The detective, indeed, one McKenzie, excellently played by David Torrence, fortifies himself with an ulster such as was always worn by Sherlock Holmes.

Ronald Colman as Raffles. Ronald and Kay Francis in a scene in "Raffles," the film version of the famous novel by E W Hornung, United Artists' latest picture, to be released shortly

Norma Shearer, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, has just completed her latest picture, "Let Us Be Gay," to be released shortly. She was seen recently in "Their Own Desire" and "The Divorcee"

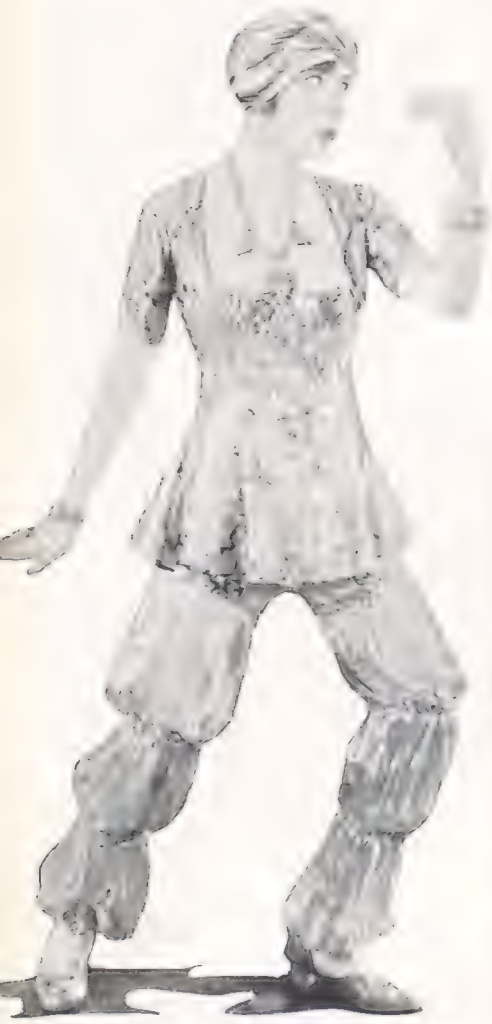
Wilfred Temple in a thrilling moment during the raiding of the Tower of London in "The Yellow Mask," which Mr. Harry Lachman is directing for British I P. at Elstree

These defects are, however, minor. The amateur cracksman, so popular in contemporary fiction, is presented with all the glamour of romance and self-sacrifice which has always condoned the crimes he is so skilfully depicted as executing. In this case, when the story commences, he has decided to turn over a new leaf and exchange a life of crime for one of selfless love with Lady Gwen. Alas for his good intentions! His friend Bunny has most reprehensibly put his name to a "dud" cheque. Whereupon Raffles decided to steal Lady Melrose's priceless pearl necklace, going down to a house party at her home for that purpose. He gets away with the necklace, but is traced by the astute McKenzie. Lady Gwen discovers his true character, but loves him just the same, and later helps him to flee the country.

That is the bare bones of the plot, which is clothed with very good dialogue, humorous situations and sound characterisation. Ronald Colman has rarely been more happily cast than as the debonair Raffles, while Bramwell Fletcher is good as the erring Bunny.

The whole cast, including the minor rôles, is English, with the exception of Kay Francis, who plays Lady Gwen. One can forgive the slight Southern accent she betrays, or rather forget it is there, because she acts so well and has such a musical voice. One could wish that some of our peeress's voices were half so attractive to listen to as is hers.

Lupino Lane, amusing and being amused in a scene from "The Yellow Mask," a British International picture now being directed by Mr. Harry Lachman at Elstree



"Be Yourself," with Fannie Brice, at the Regal. Fannie takes the part of a cabaret star who champions the cause of a lazy young prize fighter; she becomes his business manager, and later his wife . . . and manager for life!

ONE of the best character studies comes from Frederick Kerr as an elderly Peer of the Realm. It is a brilliant study of an English country gentleman, perfect in every detail. His insistence on playing in the cricket match which he has arranged on his estate is delightfully funny. He scores one run, and, on coming out, is greeted by his wife with the remark that she had told him not to overheat himself. She, too, is a convincing character, admirably acted by Alison Shipworth. I liked her remark when her husband at the wicket is demanding middle and leg: "Why does he keep on asking for middle and leg? He's all middle and leg as it is." This is a very good production, and will be seen at a West End theatre shortly.

S

SLIPPED on at the Plaza for a week without any adequate notice, and for only one performance a day, has appeared perhaps the most remarkable silent picture that has ever been produced, "The Passion of Joan of Arc."

S

CARL DREYER, the producer, has taken only the last phase of Saint Joan—that is her trial and her martyrdom. So tense has he made it that one can hardly bear to see it in a cinema. It seems to need surroundings which will harmonise with its spirituality, a spirituality so ethereal and lovely that it would be an extraordinary being who could not be moved and, indeed, deeply affected by it.

S

IT is quite unlike any other picture I have seen in its methods of pictorial expression. In the first place, Dreyer has dispensed in the main with elaborate sets. He builds up the architecture of his composition with human beings. In a great measure he reflects everything he wants to convey by heads, or heads and shoulders only. If he wants to emphasise a character he lets that character's face dominate the screen, so that when Joan is being questioned by the despicable Bishop of Beauvais he lets her be dwarfed by his face, until one of her answers visibly makes her the dominant figure.

S

IT is very difficult to describe Dreyer's methods so as to convey an idea of their greatness and effectiveness; they must be seen to be fully appreciated. Dreyer's Joan is as marvellous a piece of work in its own medium as Shaw's is in his. A triumph of silent acting is given by Franconetti as Joan. I have rarely seen such a spirituality of appearance as this famous actress achieves. L. C.

"At The Villa Rose," a British film made at the Twickenham studios, has just been generally released. Norah Baring, Violet Farebrother and Barbara Gott in a dramatic scene

BY E. LE SERVE

"THE GREATER ART"

THE BOTANIST WHO PLUCKED

KED A BLOSSOM IN KEW GARDENS

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A WICKED WOMAN

By

MARR MURRAY

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF REGINALD GORINGTON-GORE, ESQ.

LONDON,
Tuesday, the 12th.

HAVING satisfactorily completed my arrangements for going to Paris to-morrow, I was walking down Pall Mall on my way to the club when one of those large, quiet motor cars which appear to be fashionable in these days suddenly drew up in the roadway by my side.

Having an instinctive dislike for motor cars, especially large and quiet ones—I am, I am glad to say, a gentleman of the old school—I was naturally somewhat startled.

"Hullo, Tubby!" called my old friend, George Chalgrim, from the interior of the car.

"Hullo, Tubby!" echoed his wife.

I do wish that my friends would refrain from addressing me as Tubby, especially in the street and before servants. It lacks dignity.

However it was George, if I remember rightly, who first called me Tubby when we were at school together away back in the 'eighties.

Until a year ago George and I were the closest of friends. I regarded him as being, like myself, a confirmed bachelor. And then, to my surprise, he married the widow of the late Lord Shenley.

His wife, of course, is a very charming woman, but I confess that I doubted George's wisdom, especially as he was providing himself not only with a wife, but also with a stepson in the person of the new Lord Shenley—one of those objectionable modern young men of twenty-three.

"Tubby," said George, "you're the very man we're looking for!"

"Yes," added his wife. "We were just going to the club to see if we could find you!"

"Ha!" I said.

George's wife is undoubtedly a very attractive woman. She has, as one might say, the fragrant charm of maturity.

"Tubby," said George, "is it right that you're going to Paris?"

"Yes," I answered, "I am off to the Gay City to-morrow for a short period. I have just booked my seat on the Golden Arrow."

They both appeared to be relieved at hearing the news.

"TUBBY, dear," said Mrs. Chalgrim, pressing my hand as it rested on the door of the motor car, "you will do us a favour while you're there, won't you?"

A charming woman!

"With the very greatest of pleasure!" I assured her.

"Good old Tubby!" said George. "I knew that we could rely on you!"

"We're so frightfully worried!" added his wife with a sigh.

"And what is the cause of the worry?" I enquired.

"It's about dear Timothy," she answered.

Young Timothy, of course, is George's stepson—the present Baron Shenley—and I confess that the news failed to stimulate me. I have always regarded Timothy as a particularly objectionable example of the young man of to-day.

"You've heard of Sadie Sudden?" asked George.

"Sadie Sudden?" I echoed. "The name is vaguely familiar——"

"You must have heard of her," said George's wife. "She's the famous American film star."

"I fear," I answered, "that I don't patronise the pictures, as I believe they are called. As you know, I'm somewhat old-fashioned in my tastes."

"Anyway," said George, "Sadie Sudden is Hollywood's greatest exponent of sex appeal."

"Indeed," I answered somewhat shortly.

I have no patience with this absurd modern jargon. There was nothing about sex appeal or any such nonsense in the old days. A man was a man, and a woman was a woman.

"She has already lost four husbands in the divorce court," continued George," and is at present on the look-out for her fifth."

"I gather," I said, "that this Sadie Sudden is a typically modern young woman! An American film actress indeed! A worthless, vulgar, husband-hunting adventuress!"

"Unfortunately," said George, "we've every reason to believe that she has selected young Timothy for the doubtful honour of being her fifth husband."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "You don't really mean——"

GEORGE nodded. "We've just had a letter from an old friend in Paris warning us that Sadie Sudden has followed Timothy to the Hotel Magnifique, and that she has been overheard to boast that she will appear in the next issue of Debrett as Lady Shenley."

"Good heavens!" I gasped.

"You can imagine how worried we are!" said George's wife. "My poor, innocent darling caught in the toils of this hideous siren! My Timothy—branded for life as Sadie Sudden's fifth husband!"

"There is only one thing to do, George," I said. "In our young days when a gentleman had the misfortune to become entangled with some actress or similar person, a cheque always——"

"But this happens to be to-day, Tubby. Sadie Sudden earns a salary of £1,000 a week as a film star. And she's receiving alimony from all her former husbands—three of whom were millionaires. No ordinary cheque would be of any use."

What an eloquent comment on the deplorable state into which the world has fallen to-day! To think that a trumpery film actress should receive such a ridiculous salary!

"Well, George," I said, "it seems to me that the best thing you can do is to go to Paris yourself. After all, Timothy is your stepson——"

"It would be useless," interposed George's wife. "You see, George is only Timothy's stepfather—so, of course, he has no authority over him——"

"Then you," I suggested, "as his mother——"

"It would be equally useless," interposed George. "You see, Millicent is only Timothy's mother—so, of course, she has no influence over him at all——"

What a comment on the youth of to-day! No respect for their betters! No pride of tradition! No honour for their parents—or step-parents!

It was different—very different—in my young days.

"Tubby," said George's wife, giving my hand another squeeze, "you will help us? You will rid us of this hideous nightmare?"

"You may rely upon me," I answered.

As one of the few remaining gentlemen in Society I consider it my duty to prevent this further catastrophe to the British peerage.

Illustrated by Leo Bates

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When I reach Paris the first thing I shall do is to go to the Magnifique, find Timothy, and tell him bluntly what I think of him.

A British peer, the holder of an honoured name, contemplating marriage with a vulgar American film actress specialising in so-called sex appeal! Sadie Sudden's fifth husband!

That I should live to hear of such a scandalous thing!

But I will bring the young fool to his senses! I will cure him of this degraded infatuation!

I am glad, very glad, that George Chalgrim has had the good sense to entrust this matter to me. I am confident that he could not have placed it in better hands.

PARIS, *Wednesday, the 13th.*

WELL, here I am in the Gay City, as one says. It was a pleasant enough crossing, and as it happened that Lord Gallston was also crossing the Channel I was not without congenial company.

It was very gratifying to find that my favourite room at the Hotel Vieux Temps had been reserved for me. I always stay at the Vieux Temps when in Paris, as my father and grandfather did before me.

The Vieux Temps in Paris is what my club is to me in London. It has dignity and repose. It has nothing in common with these gaudy modern palaces—such as the Magnifique—which cater for the vulgar plutocracy. At the Vieux Temps one is in the company of people of one's own social standing.

I went round to the Magnifique before dinner and inquired for young Timothy, but, unfortunately, he was out. I have accordingly left him a note saying that I will call on him to-morrow morning, and expressing the hope that he will find it convenient to be there.

I fear that it will be an unpleasant interview for him, especially as I have prepared a number of home truths, which I shall give him straght from the shoulder.

However, it is my duty to cure him of this mad infatuation for a husband-hunting siren, and I shall not fail.

I feel that the honour of England is in my keeping.

And now, being in the Gay City, I think I shall go to the new show at the Folies Bergère. I hear that it is a very scandalous production.

Later.

Judged by our English standards, the new production at the Folies is, I fear, very scandalous.

However, as one might say, Paris is Paris.

Unfortunately, I dropped my opera-glasses half-way through the entertainment, and was unable to retrieve them.

To-morrow I shall purchase a new pair of opera-glasses. I think I shall get more powerful ones than those I have lost, my eyesight not being what it used to be.

PARIS, *Thursday, the 14th.*

THIS morning, as I had arranged, I went round to the Hotel Magnifique and called on young Timothy.

I discovered the present degenerate holder of the barony of Shenley sitting on a high stool in the so-called American bar.

He greeted me in that irritatingly supercilious way affected by the young men of to-day.

"Hullo, Tubby," he said.

If there is one thing that annoys me more than another it is to be addressed as Tubby by one of the younger generation.

"Good-morning," I answered.

"Have a cocktail?"

"No, thank you. I have more respect for my stomach than to insult it with those modern concoctions. Did you receive my note?"

He nodded and yawned. "If you're going to be impressive, Tubby, I hope you'll cut it short."

"I'm going to talk to you very seriously," I answered. "Are you aware of the fact that people are linking your name with that of Sadie Sudden, the American film actress?"

"Are they?" he said in that bored way

"They are. What is more, she is boasting to her friends that before long she will be Lady Shenley!"

He yawned again. "Well, you never know, do you?"

I confess that I found it very difficult to keep my patience with the insolent young puppy.

"Tubby," he said, "let me introduce you to Sadie Sudden"

"Do you realise what you are doing?" I demanded. "You, the holder of an ancient and honoured name, with centuries of glorious tradition behind you, are actually contemplating marriage with this vulgar creature who has already achieved the notoriety of having been divorced no fewer than four times, and whose only real interest in you is the fact that she has decided to add a member of our British peerage to her list of temporary husbands!"

FOR some moments he gazed at me in silence.

"You know, Tubby," he said at length, "I never

thought you could be so eloquent. You ought to be in the House of Lords."

For once I found myself in agreement with him. It has always been a source of deep regret to me that, related as I am to so many of the noblest families in the land, Fate has denied me the privilege of a title.

However, at the moment, of course, I had other matters to engage my attention.

"Do you realise," I continued, now thoroughly warmed to my subject, "what it will mean if you give way to this mad infatuation and marry this husband-hunting siren? It will mean that you will be ridiculed, laughed at, pitied, ostracised. It will mean that you will be branded for the rest of your life as Sadie Sudden's Fifth Husband! And, by gad, you'll deserve it!"

Again he gazed at me in that irritatingly supercilious way. Then he lit a cigarette.

"I gather, Tubby, that you don't altogether approve of Sadie?"

"Approve of her!" I snorted. "She's a common, brazen, shameless——"

"Ever met her?" he asked, interrupting me.

"No," I answered with dignity. "What is more, I have no desire to meet her. I am not interested in women of that degraded type."

He nodded, yawned, and ordered another cocktail for himself.

"Mark my words, Timothy!" I said, very, very seriously. "If anybody attempted to introduce me to Sadie Sudden I should regard it as an insult—and I should act accordingly!"

With that I left him and returned here to the Vieux Temps.

He succeeded in hiding behind his mask of bored supercilliousness, of course, but I fancy that my words struck home. Nay, I am sure of it. Even a modern, spoilt, and degenerate youth such as Timothy—what a bitter thought it is that he has a seat in the House of Lords whilst I am a mere commoner!—even such a deplorable example of the modern generation as Timothy, sixth Baron of Shenley, must realise in his heart that I was speaking the simple, blunt truth.

Yes, I have opened his eyes. I have cured him of his mad infatuation for this husband-hunting siren with an ambition to add the British peerage to her list of captures

My home truths will prove more than a match for the creature's so-called sex appeal.

And now I think that I shall write to George Chalgrim and tell him of my success. Naturally, it will be a great relief to him to know that there is now no danger of his stepson becoming Sadie Sudden's fifth husband.

Later.

I HAD posted my letter to George Chalgrim and was sitting in the lounge of the Vieux Temps here. I was enjoying my apéritif; I was browsing over an English paper; and I was looking forward to a very excellent lunch.

Then suddenly I heard Timothy's voice beside me.

"Tubby," he said, "let me introduce you to Sadie Sudden."

I sprang to my feet, my first emotion one of intense indignation.

And then I found myself looking at Sadie Sudden.

I have no hesitation in saying that she is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Her eyes are really wonderful, and there is something extraordinarily attractive in her smile.

I may be a bachelor, but I certainly am not a woman-hater. Moreover, I hope I am a gentleman.

"Ha!" I said.

"Sadie," said Timothy, "this is Mr. Reginald Gorington-Gore."

"I am delighted," I murmured, bowing to her.

"It is an honour for me to make your acquaintance, Mr. Gorington-Gore," she said.

Her voice was a further delightful surprise. It had none of the stridency one associates with Americans and with film actresses. It was cultured; it was, as one might say, English—and English at its best.

The fact was that Sadie Sudden was different, utterly different from what I, in my ignorance, had expected.

"You're surprised because I don't speak American?" she said with her wonderful smile. "Do you know, when I was just a tiny girl, away back in Chicago, I read a book about England, and it made such a great impression on me that I set myself to learn how to talk properly. They all laughed at me, but I persevered. I'm glad that I did, too. It's my voice that has made me such a success on the talkies."

"Ha!" I said. There was something very appealing in this picture of the small child in Chicago setting herself to learn to speak English properly and, as one might say, winning through.

Yes, she was very different from what I, in my haste, my prejudice and my ignorance, had imagined. I realised that I owed her an apology.

It was then that I noticed—with considerable relief—that Timothy had disappeared and that I was alone with Miss Sudden.

"Can I offer you a cocktail?" I asked.

"Would you mind if I refused?" she answered. "The fact is, though nobody believes me when I tell them, that I hate cocktails, and films, and talkies and all these new-fangled things. In my heart I'm just an old-fashioned girl—but the pity is I've never had the chance yet to be my real self."

How charming! How pathetic! I was very, very sorry for her. I wanted to help her, to comfort her.

We sat for a while talking. And with every moment I realised how infamously I and the world had misjudged her. The truth was, as she herself had said, that at heart she was just a simple, old-fashioned girl.

I can give no higher praise to any woman than that.

And how beautiful she is! How charming!

I can only liken her to a fragrant English rose!

She had just accepted my invitation to lunch when she turned to me.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"I'm leaving the Magnifique and coming here to the Vieux Temps," she said. "It is so quiet, so dignified, so English. I feel that I can't go back to the tawdry splendour of the Magnifique. I feel that here I can be my real self.

I was delighted.

She insisted on making all the arrangements at once, and I confess that I felt considerable pleasure when she informed me in due course that she had secured a room on the second floor, immediately opposite to my own.

WHAT a delightful lunch we had!

Afterwards, at her suggestion, we hired a carriage and pair and drove out to Fontainebleau. We dined tête-à-tête, as we say in Paris, here. In the evening we went for another long drive through the Bois.

And I have learnt the truth about Sadie Sudden.

All her life she has been misjudged, misunderstood. At heart she has always been just a simple, old-fashioned girl, but circumstance has forced upon her the hectic, unsatisfying existence of a film star. Always her thoughts have turned towards the England of her dreams, and Fate has condemned her to the shallow, tinselled life of Hollywood.

She has made mistakes—and paid bitterly for them.

And haven't the best of us made mistakes?

She is heart-sick. She longs to escape from her present existence and to be her own sweet self.

AND it is not she who is pursuing young Timothy, as was falsely reported to George Chalgrim. It is Timothy who has become infatuated with her, and has been forcing his unwanted attentions upon her. She admits that at first she was attracted by him. She hoped that in the fifth Baron Shenley she had found the English gentleman of her dreams. But she soon realised her mistake, and now her one desire is to avoid him.

At last that wonderful moment came when we parted for the night in the corridor outside our respective rooms.

"May I thank you for a very charming day?" I said.

That wonderful smile was playing around her lips and there were tears shining in her exquisite eyes.

"It is I who have to thank you," she answered. "It has been the most wonderful day in all my life. It is as if my dreams had come true—just for a little while. I shall never forget. I have found something more than a real English gentleman. I have found someone who understands—at last."

I confess I nearly took her in my arms, but I succeeded in restraining myself.

"Au revoir," I said, raising her dainty fingers to my lips.

And now here I am in my room at the Vieux Temps at one o'clock in the morning, writing up my diary and dreaming of Sadie.

She is the most wonderful, the most beautiful, the most charming, and the sweetest woman I have ever met.

What a hideous mistake I made when I so hastily misjudged her without taking the trouble to ascertain the truth! I feel tortured with shame.

But that is now a thing of the past. It is to the future that I must look.

I alone, of all the men she has met, really understand her. I alone can give her that true happiness which she has been vainly seeking all her life.

I feel that it is not merely by chance that we have been brought together. I——

Still later.

MY diary and my dreams were suddenly interrupted by a low cry for help outside my room and a bump against my door.

Jumping out of bed, I rushed across the room and opened the door.

Sadie was lying senseless at my feet. She had fainted.

For a moment I could only gaze down at her in amazement. She was clad, by the way, in black silk pyjamas. Then a low moan brought me to my senses. I picked her up in my arms and, for want of a better place, I laid her gently on my bed.

Fortunately I had some brandy in my room.

After a few minutes she began to revive. She opened her eyes. She pressed her hand to her brow.

"Where am I?" she murmured weakly. "What has happened?"

"You are quite all right," I assured her, placing my arm round her shoulder. "I fear you have fainted. But you'll soon be quite well again."

"Yes, I—I remember now—I came over all funny—it must have been the excitement of meeting you—I—I was going for help—and then—I can't remember any more."

"That's all right, my dear," I said, keeping my arm firmly round her shoulder. "I am looking after you. I will always look after you."

She glanced up at me with those wonderful eyes.

"You mean——?" she murmured.

"I mean, my dear, that I want you to marry me."

For a moment she just gazed at me. Then her arm went round my neck and she buried her face in my shoulder.

"You are the marquis, aren't you?" she whispered.

"Marquis?" I echoed in bewilderment. "Marquis? I'm Mr. Reginald Gorington-Gore."

"But that's only the name you use in Paris and when you're travelling. That's your incognito. You're really the Marquis of Bluffingham."

I shook my head. "I'm afraid you're mistaken. The Marquis is my second cousin—and I believe there is a certain likeness between us. But the fact remains that I'm plain Reginald Gorington-Gore."

WITH an energy that was startling in one who had just recovered from a faint she sprang to her feet. Never have I seen such a sudden and such a remarkable change in a woman.

"Say," she demanded, a peculiar intensity in her voice, "do you mean to tell me that that guy, Tim Shenley, was pulling my leg when he told me that you were the Marquis of Bluffingham?"

"If he told you that," I answered, "he certainly misinformed you."

She stared at me for a moment and then made some remark in American which I did not understand, but which appeared to express a very derogatory opinion of young Timothy.

"I—I fear," I began, not knowing quite what to say, "that—er——"

"Oh, quit that bunk, Fatty!" she snapped at me. "Do you think I'd waste my time fooling around with an out-of-date muzzle-loader like you if I thought you was only a plain mister? Gee, some guy's sure going to pay red hell for this!"

And with that she flounced out of my room, thrusting her way past me and slamming the door in my face.

I don't know what to say. I don't know what to think.

Never have I felt so utterly upset.

Out-of-date muzzle-loader, indeed! M. M.

THE immediate outlook in India is for an increasingly jumpy time—especially a lot of summer-salting.

* * *

IT is said that the Spanish toreador has a kind face. That must be a great consolation to the bull.

JEAN BARRY AND DAVE FITZGIBBON

The clever exhibition dancers who have returned to this country from America, where they were appearing in C. B. Cochran's Revue. They are now to be seen at the Hotel Splendide, and their new dances are proving enormously popular

PARIS GOSSIP

ART and ARISTOCRACY

By Sylvia Lyon

"Their curiosity ceases when a Frenchman stares at you while silently his eyes ask, 'What are you?'"

VISITORS to Paris who feel a vague urge to find out just what contemporary French art is will be highly rewarded by going to the Salon des Tuileries, in the Course-la-Reine, near the Place d'Alma. Nearly all the big painters' works are present: Friesz, Kvapil, Favory, Per Krogh, Waroquier, Ceria, and Gluckman, a new painter who is the delight of my soul; the best of the women painters: Jacqueline Marval, Helene Perdriat, Madeleine Luka, and Hermine David. And there are a number of paintings and water-colour drawings by Hermine David's husband, Jules Pascin, who committed suicide just before the opening of the show.

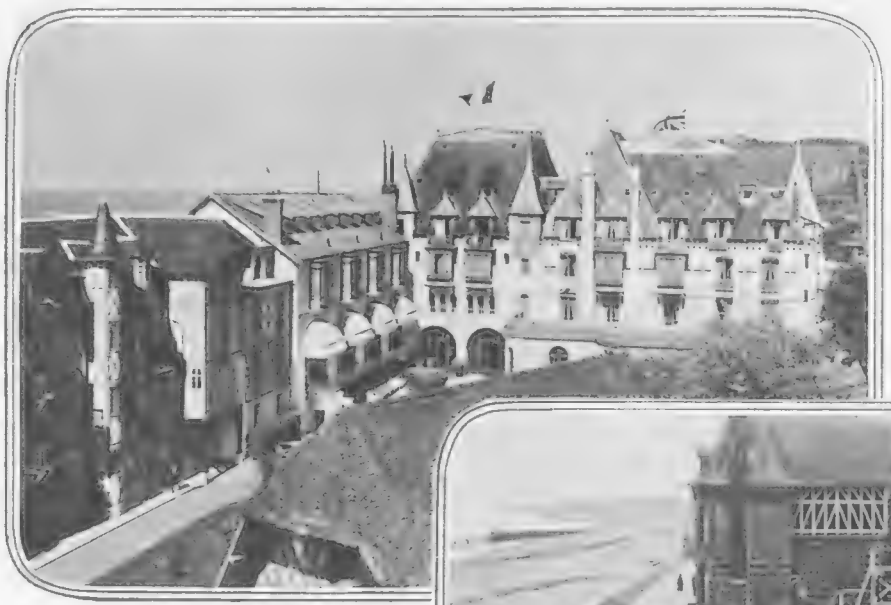
Pascin was an extraordinary figure; born a Bulgarian Jew, he emigrated to America, became a citizen, and then came to Paris. He had the good fortune not only to paint what and how he wanted to paint, but to receive the greatest acclaim by the critics, and to make a financial success.

NOBODY could be jealous of this success because he was a true artist, and was exceedingly generous. He never entered a restaurant without several guests, never gave less than a hundred francs to a beggar, and held open house in his studio in the Boulevard de Clichy. He drank a good deal, dressed indifferently, and always wore an old-fashioned check bicycle cap. A short time ago he separated from his wife, and although many people thought his suicide was the result of a love affair, the truth was that he was lately the victim of an incurable disease which he feared might affect his eyes.

THE English sometimes consider the French a most curious people, and so they are, but, paradoxically, they are not curious at all. Their curiosity ceases when a Frenchman stares at you while silently his eyes ask, "*What* are you?" whereas a Frenchwoman's eyes look you over with the mute questions, "*Who* are you, where did you get that dress and how much did you pay for it?"

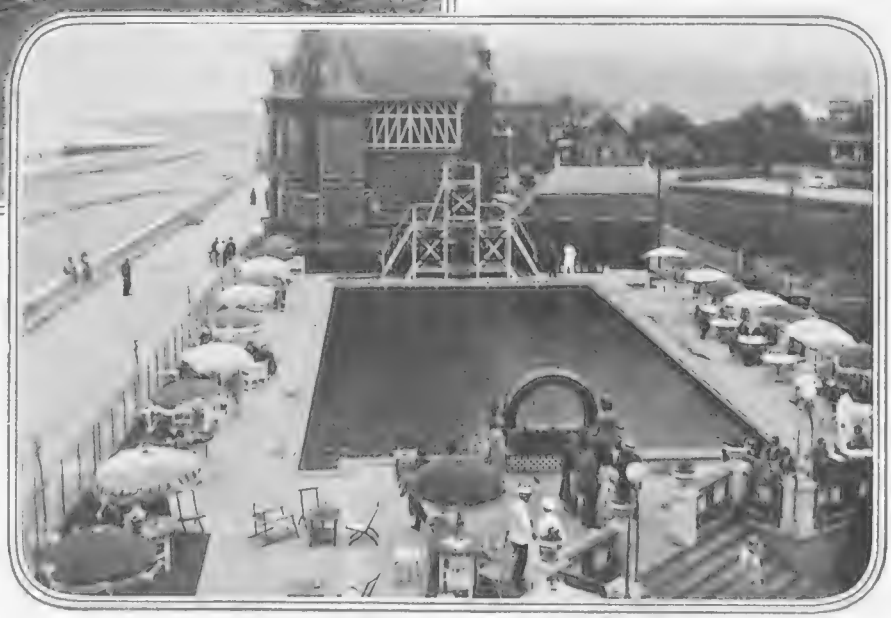
AFTER that, the race's curiosity stops. For example, there are

(*Continued on page 190*)



THE SEASON AT POURVILLE, NEAR DIEPPE

A view of the Grand Hotel from the Normandy gardens. It is right on the sea front and has its own casino and tennis court, while there are two golf links quite near



The growing and popular resort of Pourville, reached easily via Newhaven-Dieppe, has just opened an outdoor bathing pool opposite to the Grand Hotel on the Plage. Above is seen a general view of the pool

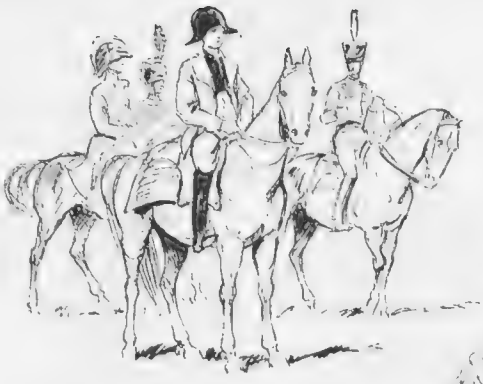
"SONS O' GUNS" HIT THE MARK

Stage Photo Co

The new musical comedy, "Sons O' Guns," is going great guns at the Hippodrome, two scenes from which are seen above. Bobby Howes' expression of ineffable content in the top picture is doubtless due to being surrounded by part of a very attractive chorus. Below is a "close-up" of Mireille Perry, a welcome newcomer to London, who speaks only French except when speaking and singing her part; Bobby Howes, a tower of strength as the hero who fell in love with her, and Rosie Moran, a principal dancer of merit

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 188)

no French journals corresponding to THE BYSTANDER. A Frenchman will be interested in seeing a personality in a restaurant, but he has no interest in this same personality's being relayed to his consciousness by a photograph. The few papers devoted to Parisian gossip are disagreeable and scandalous, the sources being supplied by badly paid and disgruntled journalists on the staffs of the newspapers.



". . . is baptised by the traditional figure who sits on a horse, costumed like Napoleon"

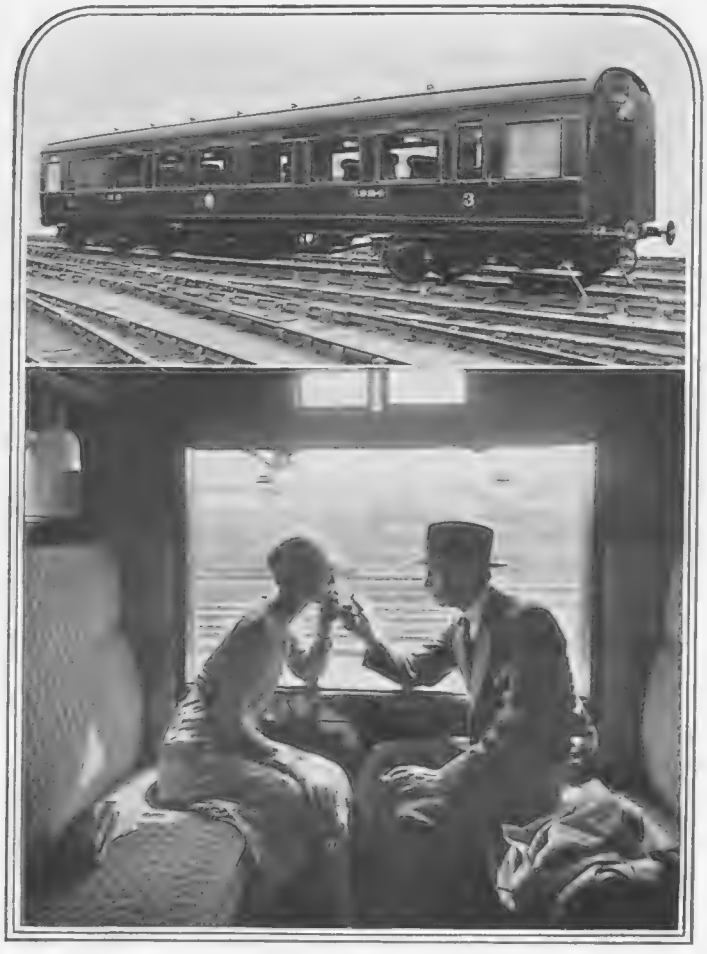
A FRENCH mother would no more allow her daughter to be photographed on the occasion of her debut than she would encourage her child to walk down the Champs Elysées without any clothes on. There is no French equivalent to *Who's Who*, and in order to find out where a statesman went to school and if he started life as a highwayman or a six-day bicycle racer it is necessary to wait until a biography of him appears, and that is rare enough. For example, only recently has the first biography of Briand (by Valentine Thomson) been published.

AS for a painter or a playwright one must know the painter personally in order to acquire any facts of his private life, and as for a novelist or essayist one must keep an eagle eye out for the least news about him, or wait for the meagre biographical details that are included with some of the contemporary anthologies.

I MUST say that the naughtiest book of the week is "La vie amoureuse de Christine de Suède," by the Princesse Lucien Murat. And when I add that the book's subtitle is "la reine androgyne," I suppose that all the historically minded readers of THE BYSTANDER will buy it.

THERE is surely a lack of glamour attending the end of the school year in France. The only thing that students seem to do after gaining their bachots or passing their examinations at the great schools is go home and stay in bed for a week. Only one academic unit makes any celebration, St. Cyr. The graduating class is baptised as officers by the traditional figure called "Le Père Système," who sits on a horse costumed like Napoleon. (The officer, not the horse.) The 1914 class, before going into the War, swore to enter battle wearing their colours, their white plumed, red-flecked hats, and their white gloves. Of course they were at once killed.

S. L.



THE "ROYAL SCOT" EXPRESS

(Above.) One of the fourteen coaches which comprise the twin expresses from London (Euston) and Scotland (Glasgow) every morning The trains are made up of two kinds of coaches, those of the type seen above and those with compartments

(Below.) The interior of one of the compartment coaches, which are carried out in various styles of decoration Note should be taken of the large windows and of the amount of leg room

Keystone

A VIENNESE SOCIETY BEAUTY

Mlle Olga von Bremer, a distinguished member of Viennese Society. She is one of a number who are gradually bringing back to the Austrian capital some of its pre-war brilliance and gaiety

THE LITERARY SHOW

J. A. HAMMERTON SEES GHOSTS IN FLEET STREET

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

"Having such a jolly good time just now, throwing their light weights about"

To grow old is no matter for regret. Every stage of life has its compensations. So the older you are the more of these have you gathered in. Assuredly I have no littlest wish to be as young again as the Evelyn Waughs and Beverley Nichols, who are having such a jolly time just now throwing their light weights about in the literary arena. I can admire their fresh young impudence and their streaks of cleverness without a shadow of regret that I am old enough to be their father. But for the journalist, perhaps more than for those of any other calling, the swiftening years bring a certain sadness. His unsleeping awareness to the life of his time, so essential to his task, makes him feel more acutely than others the disappearance of his fellow-actors from the scene. After thirty or forty years the Street of Adventure becomes for him a haunt of ghosts. By which no reference is implied to those substantial "ghosts," ever increasing in number, who write the newspaper articles and the books that bear the names of non-literary celebrities.

IT hurts me to see how that far-famed street has physically changed in the last quarter of a century. Too soon Fleet Street will be no more than a name for those of us who belong to the older school of writers, though it may still remain "the highway of letters." So changed has it become that most of the departed ones would fail to recognise it if they could come back. When I think of all the men I have walked with there who have passed from its bustling pavements, beyond the noise of its thundering presses, which were the multipliers of their voices, into the Silence, it needs an effort to maintain the rôle of cheerful looker-on. And the saddest reflection is that I might mention a score or two of these vanished friends and acquaintances who in their day were "powers in Fleet Street" and few of my readers would ever have heard their names. The journalist's fame does not long outlive him. Even so picturesque and self-assertive a newspaper writer as George Augustus Sala is probably no more than a name to the younger men, a fading figure in a fast receding literary scene that looks amazingly remote from our time, though it lasted some way into the present century.

I SEEM to remember reading that an editor of *The Times* had said, in a kindly note on the death of an editor of the *Daily News*, that although for many years they had pursued their tasks within a few minutes' walk of each other they had never met. Whether this was Delane on William Weir or Chenery on Frank Hill I am unable to verify, nor does it greatly matter, since it is at least a statement of a suggestive fact, and the reader may never have heard any one of these names before. In the still older days an editor of *The Times* derived a measure of his traditional dignity from being unknown. When Barnes, who preceded Delane in the job, died in 1841, no obituary notice was allowed to appear in the pages of the journal he had edited! Its editor, like the Apis bull, was presumed to live for ever.

"The Street of Adventure becomes for him a haunt of ghosts"

THAT foolish old convention of anonymity has long since been swept away, but it is still possible, with all our increased opportunities for social forgathering, to miss personal contacts with fellow-adventurers in "the Street." I have worked for years under the same auspices, even in the same building; have written for him when he was an editor; and have talked to him by telephone, frequented the same clubs, dined in the same restaurants, sat in the same theatres, but have never had the felicity to meet—Hannen Swaffer! As he hides his light under no bushel, I am quite familiar with his personal appearance, and yet I have never clapped eyes on him. In our zigzag way through this old world it is astonishing how many possibilities of rencounters pass us by.

REFERENCE to Delane suggests a word on that remarkable man who more than any other may be called the maker of *The Times*. Our able youngsters who are fired with pride at the importance of becoming editors in their early twenties should be kept humble by being reminded that Delane was only in his twenty-fourth year when he was chosen to rule the Thunderer: the youngest member of its staff! Knowledge of this once prevented my requiring a larger hat when at twenty-three I took my seat in the editorial chair of a provincial daily, and, like the elder Weller, had the satisfaction "to spell it with a 'we,' Samivel." Pitt was only twenty-four when he was called to the even more important post of Prime Minister! A fact to keep one's conceit in the neighbourhood of zero.

IN his later years Delane was asked if so vast a responsibility as the editorship of *The Times* did not shake his courage when it was offered him. "Not a bit," he replied. "What I dislike about you young men of the present day is that you all shrink from responsibility." This is the cry of the older hands in every business and profession to-day. Yet I am sure that there are lots of twenty-four-year-olds in Fleet Street quite prepared to take over the editorship of *The Times* from Mr. Geoffrey

Dawson any day. Mr. Dawson, by the way, has the distinction of being its editor twice; first from 1912 to 1919, and again since 1923. Two of its former editors are still alive: Mr. George Earle Buckle, who succeeded Chenery in 1884 and resigned in 1912, since when he has been mainly occupied on the *Life of Disraeli* and editing the *Letters of Queen Victoria*, and Mr. Wickham Steed, one of its most brilliant correspondents, whose short editorial reign intervened between Mr. Dawson's two periods. In these days, when a million a day is not necessarily a profitable circulation for a daily paper, it is worth noting that *The Times* boasted a daily impression of ten thousand copies when Delane became editor, and at his death, thirty-six years later, it could claim no more than forty thousand. Believe me, there's more in circulations than mere "net sales."

"Derived a measure of his traditional dignity from being unknown"

PERHAPS I ought to be flattered that Mr. Thurston Hopkins annexes a sub-title which I invented last year for a certain biographical work of my own and has associated it with another personage. *Rudyard Kipling: The Story of a Genius* (Cecil Palmer: 5*s*. net) does its publisher credit; but not its author. Properly it should be called *Rudyard Kipling: A Hotch Potch*. A more blatant piece of amateur book-making I cannot call to mind. It surpasses in this respect the same author's *Sussex Pilgrimages*, which I bought two or three years ago: a mere casual shuffling together of a few newspaper articles and calling them a book. I have read most of Mr. Hopkins's writings on Sussex. I think all his Sussex books are on my shelves. The slight charm they possess is due to their casualness. But in an alleged biography, or even a "story" of a life, there must be order.

"Hides his light under no bushel"

ON page 2, Kipling's "maternal grandfather," the "Rev. Macdonald," is alleged to "have had a modest living at Birmingham in 1881." It cannot have been later than 1861. On page 3 we are told that Agnes Macdonald married Sir Edward Poynter in 1894. The present Sir Hugh Poynter, who is their second son, was born in 1882. Perhaps he will have a word with Mr. Hopkins. The "book" abounds in such-like inaccuracies, loose ends, careless phrasing, and is really the crudest sort of cheap journalism.

Kipling deserved something better. How his teeth will be set on edge if he ever sees this appalling hotch-potch in which there is a chapter, spatchcocked in between pages 60 and 94 for no particular reason, entitled "Lame Tales from the Quills" (a medley of Kipling anecdotes). Men have been shot for less. And tell me, gentle reader, have you ever read a finer bit of metaphor-muddling prose than this:

"Behind the phantasmagoria of London faces and ceaseless traffic of the Strand lies the retired cul-de-sac now known as Buckingham Street, but formerly named York Buildings. It is one of those secluded little backwaters which abound in London, missed by the sweeping tide of grey limestone and latticed steel girders, and left to itself amidst the restless ebb and flow of human life that swarms up Villiers Street every morning and withdraws every night—within sound of that unceasing hum which has been compared with the 'roaring loom of Time.'"

FEW pleasures surpass the delight of renewing acquaintance over the long stretch of years. This I experienced in Barcelona about three months ago when I dined with Dr. E. J. Dillon at his charming home in that wonder city of Spain, where in his old age he has gone for sunshine. We had not met for about twenty years, and I was rejoiced to find how well he carried his load of years. These wiry little men are the long-livers. And a few days ago we met again on one of his rare visits to London to spend a happy evening at a famous Pall Mall club.

DILLON must be easily the doyen of British journalism. It is at least fifty years since he was Master of Oriental Languages at St. Petersburg University. In 1884 he was Professor of Comparative Philology at Kharkoff, and a year later he was at Louvain, where he founded a review, *La Muséon*, which ran for years after he had gone back to Russia as foreign editor of the *Odessa Messenger*, where he wrote his leaders in Russian as easily as he had written his review in French. Dillon's mastery of languages excels that of any journalist that ever lived. It is one thing to be able to read or even to speak passably well a foreign language. Altogether another thing to write it. Dr. Dillon thinks nothing of writing a long article in German and another in French, to be followed by a third in Spanish!

WITHAL he wields as vigorous a pen as ever in his native English (he is an Ulsterman), and is as alert on all matters of foreign politics as when he was the principal foreign correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*. He has known all the big European figures in politics, literature and philosophy for over half a century. His knowledge of Russia is profound. I recall the furore which "E. B. Lanin's" revelations of Russian life created in the 'nineties. He was E. B. Lanin, and his *Russian Characteristics* remain one of the most important contributions to the study of a fatally fascinating race.

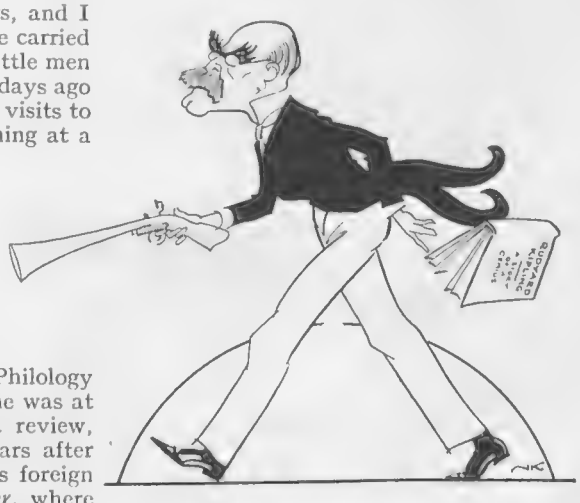
WHEN I was in Paris, returning from Spain, I came across another old friend, a famous French critic of English literature. Sitting at the Café de la Paix he told me a story. Soon after Oscar Wilde's liberation from Reading my friend came upon him at this same café where, like ourselves, he was sipping an apéritif. The French critic had returned only the day before from a visit to London, and Oscar was hungry for news of the world he had lost. Among the persons named was Sidney Colvin, at the mention of whose name Wilde raised his eyebrows and said:

"Do you know what killed poor Louis Stevenson?"

"Well," said my friend, "I have always understood his death was due to tuberculosis."

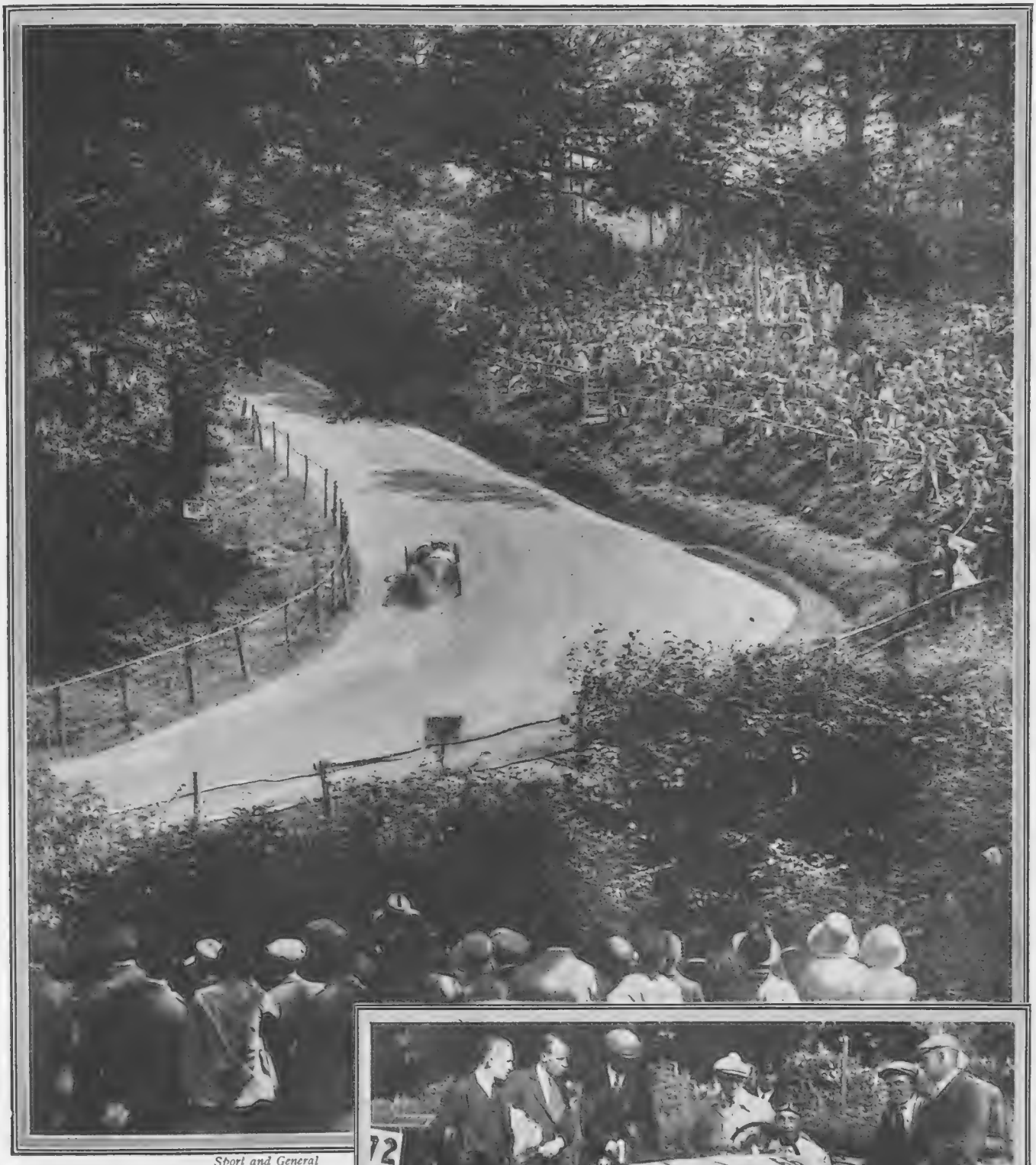
"No," said Wilde, "he did not, as you imagine, fly to Samoa to elude the spectre of phthisis. He withdrew himself thither in the hope of escaping the ponderous friendship of Sidney Colvin. But Colvin pursued him with his correspondence, and eventually poor Louis succumbed to Colvin's letters."

J. A. HAMMERTON.



"Men have been shot for less"

SHELSLEY WALSH HILL-CLIMB THRILLS



Sport and General

Above is seen some of the large crowd watching B. L. Byron in his Austin negotiating one of the bends during the Midland Automobile Club's Open Hill Climb, held recently at Shelsley Walsh.

(Below) The famous Austrian champion, Herr von Stuck, is seen at the wheel of the Austro Daimler in which he broke all records for this event, twice climbing the hill, which is a thousand yards long and with an average gradient of one in nine, in 42.8 secs., giving an average speed of 47 m.p.h.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

YET ANOTHER "GENIUS"?

By Ralph Straus

THE latest American "genius" to be discovered is Mr. Thomas Wolfe. He has written a first novel of more than six hundred pages. The Americans like bulk; they call it bigness, and conveniently forget that the word has two meanings. It is not necessarily a sign of genius. *Look Homeward, Angel* (Heinemann: 10*s.* 6*d.*) is not the best title that could have been chosen for this detailed chronological family panorama—it is a difficult one to remember—but it is not misleading. Families in America do not differ very much from families elsewhere: they get born, and eat, and drink, and love, and grow old, and die. In this book they are shy of dying, but eat for all they are worth. I have rarely read a novel which contains so many luscious menus, and yet the Jant family is never particularly prosperous.

THERE is little form in the book, but there is good meat in it. (You notice the simile which comes naturally to my mind.) Mr. Wolfe has a vivid and unusual vocabulary, an accurate memory, and a pretty turn for portrait painting. These provincial Jants at any rate are good flesh and blood, and their doings are rarely dull. Old man Oliver is a bit of a maniac, even when sober, which is a rare event. The only thing I have against Eliza, his wife, is her constant use of the word "Pshaw!" which I honestly believe has never yet been uttered by a sane human being. (Surely Mr. Wolfe could have invented something better; I half expected to find him putting an "A-tishoo" into the mouth of a sneezer.)

AND then there are the children—a rotter called Steve, the mysterious Ben, the good-humoured Luke, Helen, half "little mother" and half something else, and Eugene, whose thoughts, even as a baby in arms, are never hidden from the reader. Their histories are picturesque and sometimes dramatic, and I personally enjoyed reading about them, even though they rarely leave the best literary traditions for such youngsters very far behind them. On the other hand, Mr. Wolfe writes with an undeniable gusto. He has things to say which stay in the mind. I would not call his book a work of genius or a masterpiece, and it is on the cards that many readers will find its story disappointingly diffuse, but it is good, virile stuff, and by no means without distinction.

BUT what next? There is a new Gilbert Frankau novel ready, but it is almost as long as Mr. Wolfe's book, and I must reserve my remarks about it until next week. There is also a new John Buchan yarn, and about this, too, I shall have something to say in the near future. Meanwhile there is some agreeably light reading for you in *Mr. Buffum* (Ward, Lock: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which ought, in this hot weather, to be well suited to your taste. It is the work of Mr. Hugh de Selincourt, who wrote *The Cricket Match*—to me an ever memorable book.

Claude Harris

MR. W B. MAXWELL

The well-known author, whose new book, "To What Green Altar" (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.), has recently been published

MR. BUFFUM is just a frolic. He is a bachelor gentleman of fifty, who has retired from business, and lives most respectably in a Sussex hamlet. He has a garden, a gardener, and a gardener's boy, and his innocent affections seem to be divided fairly equally among the three of them. But he also has a niece, and the niece is a modern young woman who drives a car and drinks cocktails and has a platoon of boy-friends. And, with her playing mentor, Mr. Buffum ventures out into the wicked world, and meets with a number of unexpected adventures. Now I dare say Mr. Buffum himself is too good to be true. Personally I doubt his existence. But he is good company—as, indeed, most sentimental old boys have the knack of being. I like him when he buys a new car, and pretends to quarrel with his gardener, and shamelessly gambles at Monte Carlo, and gives a smart party with chinese lanterns and ices. I like him when he endeavours to play matchmaker for his niece, and when he escapes matrimony himself. In fact, I will not hear a word against him. Mr. de Selincourt obviously likes him, and enjoyed writing these stories about him. The book is a jolly trifle—to be enjoyed in a hammock or on the beach or—anywhere.

THEN there is Agnes Muir Mackenzie's half-new novel, *Keith of Kinnellan* (Constable: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which is by way of being a new experiment in the publishing of fiction. The first part of it was published in the usual way three years ago. The critics spoke well of *Lost Kinnellan*, as it was called, but considered, not without very good reason, that the book was unfinished. Miss Mackenzie did not question their verdict: she set to work to write the "immediate sequel," which, in the ordinary way, I suppose, would have been issued by itself. *Lost Kinnellan*, however, did not have the success it deserved, and, by itself, the new portion might not have received very wide attention. But, printed with the earlier half, it is given a better chance, and, although I hope that *Keith of Kinnellan*, as now issued, will not be regarded as a precedent, I must say that the complete story is very well worth reading.

IT is old-fashioned, but—why not? Its hero, too—a small Scottish laird, behaves in an old-fashioned quixotic way. He, indeed, is almost impossibly proud. Keith is unfortunate enough to be married to a woman whom he does not love, to be in love with his ward, and to be loved by a vampish and malevolent school mistress. At a critical moment his wife falls over a cliff, and it may be an accident or it may be something else. The schoolmistress is scorned, and behaves accordingly. The ward is going to have a child, and must therefore be married. And Scottish villagers have a habit of enjoying a little scandal. What, then, is to happen to poor Keith? Must he give up Kinnellan or Anne or what? That is the problem which Miss Mackenzie solves in a moving story, which has much to recommend it.

THE SEASON STARTS AT DEAUVILLE

WHITE WINGS ON BLUE WATERS

Among Deauville's many recreations yachting is one of the most popular. Regattas for various types of craft are held during the season, and the Earl and Countess of Essex' yacht is seen above leaving the harbour for the starting line prior to taking part in one of the races

Well-known visitors at the Deauville Yacht Club's "Blue and White" luncheon held at the Casino. They are Capt. Richard Hennessey, Miss P. Payne and Capt. Hume-Read

Photographs

THE LATEST IN BEACH SUITS

Fashion's latest foibles in frocks and beach suits are well to the fore at Deauville. Above are seen two striking creations being given a "try-out" on the Plage

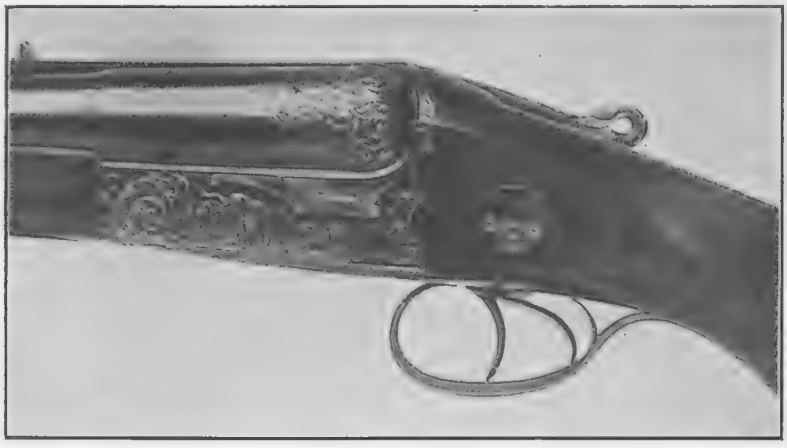
P. and A.

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

Sun-bathing on the sands at Deauville finds favour with many of the visitors anxious to acquire a healthy tan during their stay. The ubiquitous gramophone is often in demand on these occasions as is proved by the above photograph

SHOOTING NOTES

THE INDUSTRIAL SIDE OF SHOOTING



A beautifully made gun constructed by Messrs. Greener for use in the jungle and other confined quarters where instant stopping is essential. In our issue of July 16 Mr. Max Baker contributed an interesting article on "The Best Gun as a Work of Art," and readers will appreciate the fine work employed in the gun pictured above

By "Clodhopper"

WE have frequently referred to shooting and its many ramifications as an industry. It is in the true sense of the word, and we have no hesitation in saying that every branch of field sport, hunting, shooting, coursing, racing, and even angling should have their place in the economics of the country. In these present notes, however, we confine our remarks to the industrial side of shooting.

APART from the huge rentals that are, nowadays, paid by lessees and tenants for deer forests, grouse moors, and sporting rights generally, the revenue derived by the Government from game certificates, gun and gun-dog licences, and rates paid upon hired shootings, hundreds of thousands of pounds are annually spent by sportsmen in the purchase of English-made guns, and ammunition, gun-dogs, shooting-kit and appliances, the wages of game-keepers, kennelmen, handlers, loaders, beaters, and others too numerous to mention, thereby alleviating the burdens of tax- and ratepayers and preventing an increase in the ranks of the great army of unemployed.

ALTHOUGH we have no statistics available regarding the number of gunsmiths, cartridge makers, gamekeepers, foresters, warreners, kennelmen and others employed in the shooting industry of the United Kingdom, they would indubitably represent, numerically, a considerable army. While making this statement we have in our mind's eye the vast number of hands employed in that important centre of the sporting-gun and ammunition industries, Birmingham. Again, we have no data at hand anent the number of employees engaged in the manufacture of guns, and cartridges at such works as Imperial Chemical Industries, the British Small Arms factories, the Midland Gun Company, Messrs. Westley Richards, W. W. Greener, and other big Birmingham firms too numerous to mention. The number, however, would most assuredly run into thousands of highly skilled workmen and workwomen.

IN the unlikely, but possible, event of the so-called "Anti-Cruel Sports" League's campaign against shooting and kindred field sport proving successful, to what occupations could these men and women (women are largely employed in the cartridge industry) be put? If the industrial conditions of the country were less deplorable than is the case at the present time—there seems but little hope of matters improving while the Socialist Government is allowed by the electorate to plunge the Empire into complete chaos—the gunsmiths and factory hands, might, perhaps, be able to turn their attention to other trades. On the other hand, English gamekeepers and Scottish gillies, like huntsmen, are generally born and bred in their professions as were, in the majority of cases, their fathers. How, then, could this essentially honest and honourable class of men be expected to turn their hands, with any degree of success, to any other occupation? The whole of their working hours from boyhood, has been spent in acquiring knowledge and proficiency in one of the most skilful and strenuous of countryside occupations, and one which permits of but little time in which to pick up even a smattering of any other kind of work. This also applies to warreners and others who, directly or indirectly, as the case may be, earn a livelihood by the shooting industry.

ANOTHER, and a most important side to the economics of game shooting in these times of agricultural depression is that farmer-owners, who naturally hold the sporting rights over their land, are able to let such rights at extraordinarily high rentals, even though the amount of game thereon be comparatively small. The old days, when really good mixed or rough shooting could be hired at between a shilling and eighteenpence an acre, have passed, never to return. There is an ever-increasing demand for shoots, both large and small, and since the car came so much into vogue as a means of comfortable and speedy locomotion, one has to travel far afield into remote districts of Great Britain, to find shooting worthy of the name, at anything approaching even a moderate rental.

ROUGH shoots, in the Midland counties, varying from about 200 to 1,500 acres, have been simply snapped up by well-to-do business men in Nottingham, Leicester, Northampton, Birmingham, and other large provincial towns even at absurdly high rentals.

FARMERS, therefore, find it greatly to their advantage to protect game in their land, as a separate—and in some cases more productive—source of income than that derived from cultivation, particularly since the dumping of cheap foreign corn into the country has been so "thoughtfully" encouraged by the Communistic powers that be. If the farmers' chief methods of livelihood are to be impeded it is obvious that they must resort to other and more impregnable means.

"THE BYSTANDER" TABLE OF ALLOWANCES

By MAX BAKER

FIRE at a stationary mark such as an empty oil drum and you can perceive no interval of time between report and impact. Stand back from a person shooting at clays and you will see the bird smashed before the sound of discharge reaches you.

Over 20 yards' range shot travels at the same speed as sound. Over 40 yards the mean velocity of the shot is less by between 25 and 30 per cent., viz.: 800 feet-per-second, giving a time of flight of one-seventh of a second. Brief as this time is, a bird covers about 8 feet between gun discharge and shot impact.

The actual allowance necessary in practice varies with the speed of the bird and its distance. Having regard to the spread of the shot charge, all cartridges may be treated as behaving alike, irrespective of their measured chronographic velocity and the size of shot pellet used. The following table gives some specimen allowances viz.: the number of feet that a bird covers between discharge and the cluster of pellets striking its course.

SPEED OF BIRD		RANGE IN YARDS				
		10	20	30	40	50
Slow	40 f.s. = 27 m.p.h.	1	2½	4	5½	7½
Medium	60 ,, = 41 ,,	1½	3½	5½	8	11
Fast	80 ,, = 55 ,,	2	4½	7½	11	15

(values to the nearest half-foot.)

Within the margin provided by the spread of the charge, a shot to be successful, must be aimed forward of the bird, the amount specified in the above table for the conditions existing. The art of shooting thus comprises not only correct aim but that the gun shall be swung or directed forward of the object a distance that takes due account of range and bird speed, with modification in terms of sky-space for the perspective foreshortening of the allowance in all cases except where the bird is flying at a right angle with the line of fire.

Obviously, the processes involved must be carried out by the sub-conscious faculties, but these can be instructed and errors criticised by means of the theory presented in the above table.

"The Berkeley"

The Young 'un: "Dined with the old Colonel last night. He's very proud of his brandy. Marvellous old crooked bottle and dated back a century or so."

The Old Stager: "Was the stuff inside good?"

The Young 'un: "To tell you the truth I was disappointed—it was rather flat and flavourless and much too sweet. Not a patch on this 'Cordon Bleu.'"

The Old Stager: "Ah! It was a case of age — perhaps — *without* quality. In 'Cordon Bleu' you don't get a date but you do get Age *and* Quality."

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

Obtainable from all first-class Wine Merchants.

FLYING NOTES

The Breda, a new cabin monoplane with the well-known Gipsy engine, selling at £850. Very low landing speed is one of its best points

Mr. Fox-Barrett, an instructor with the Cinque Ports Club at Lympne, with Mr. Haller, an American sail-plane pilot (left), and Herr Magersuppe, the well-known German sail-plane pilot on the right

DOING EUROPE BY AIR

BY CAPT. C. E. WARD

The Tour of Europe

COMPETITORS in the International Air Touring Competition, which started from Berlin on Sunday last, have already passed through England, where landings were made at Heston and the Bristol air port. This is not a race in the same sense as that for the King's Cup, but a competition for speed between controls and reliability gauged by the absence of forced landings and mechanical trouble. Out of a field of ninety-seven, only six machines are British, four of these being Gipsy Moths, one a Hermes Avian similar to that which won the King's Cup, but fitted with a more powerful engine, and the sixth a Spartan "Arrow," which has a good turn of speed. Mr. S. A. Thorn is flying the Avian, and Miss Spooner, Lady Bailey, Captain Broad and Mr. Alan Butler are on Gipsy Moths; Mr. H. J. Andrews is the Spartan pilot. Mr. John Carberry has entered an American machine, known as a "Mono Special," instead of the German light plane which he flew last year when Captain Broad and Miss Spooner were the only other British pilots in the race. The Italians, who did very well last year, were financed by their Government, which has decided not to participate on this occasion. Germany heads the list with forty-seven entries, followed by France with sixteen, Poland fourteen, Spain nine, and Switzerland four. The object of the competition is to encourage the production of reliable light aeroplanes for long-distance touring, and in addition to covering more than 4,500 miles, there are certain tests for pilots and aircraft designed to eliminate "freak" racing machines.

New Machines for Private Owners

THE "Redwing" two-seater has an 85 horse-power A.B.C. Hornet engine, and sells for £575. It is by way of being a lightweight, with 1,325 lbs. all up, reduced to 1,150 in the aerobatic category, which means that two passengers, light luggage and tools can be carried for 3½ hours or 300 miles without stopping for petrol. Side-by-side seating, folding wings, luggage locker complete with two suitcases, a landing speed below 35 miles an hour, "Tecalemit" lubricators, holding down rings for pegging out purposes are some of its special points. The machine is manufactured at Croydon Aerodrome in the Waddon factory by the Robinson Aircraft Company. Another new type which has attracted much attention recently is the "Breda" cabin monoplane, with a Gipsy engine, selling at £850 complete. When you buy an aeroplane "complete," this does not always mean that it is supplied with everything you want, but in the case of the "Breda" the price includes all you need. In addition to Smith's instruments, one of the latest Hughes aperiodic compasses is installed, and there are independent wheel brakes, tool kits for machine and engine, and a full set of covers, a most important item when touring abroad. The machine has a top speed of 110 miles an hour, lands very slowly in a small space, and has a range in excess of 500 miles. Originally an Italian machine, it is being marketed in this country by the International Aircraft Company.

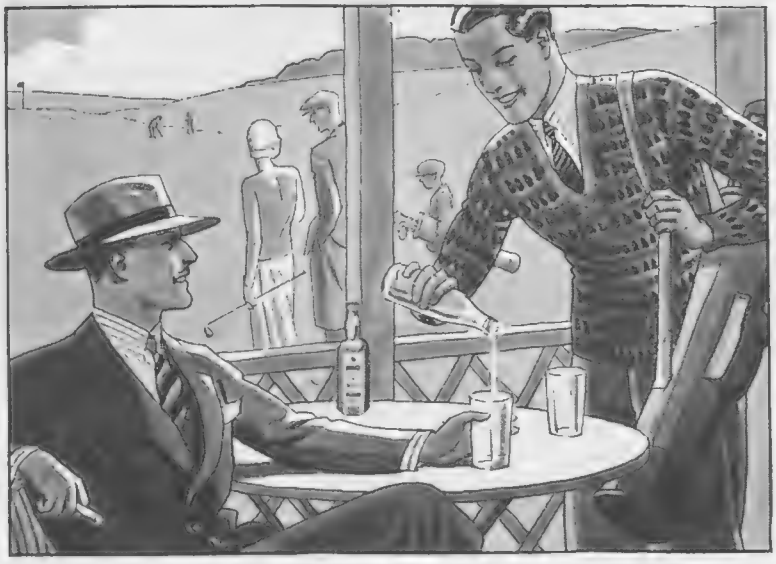
Club Notes

THE Brooklands authorities tell me that their Aero Club has attained in a few weeks a membership of nearly 100, all being solo pilots. Prince George has consented to become an honorary member of the Club. A private aerodrome is being constructed at Ratcliffe on the North Road from Leicester to Newark by Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., who is president of the Leicestershire Aero Club. Hangar accommodation and refuelling facilities will be available for any traveller who lands. There is to be an official opening ceremony on September 6. With Lord Louis Mountbaten as President, and an active flying member, it is not surprising that the Hampshire Club draws many of its recruits from the Navy. The Club aerodrome at Hamble, on Southampton Water, which is a very pleasant spot, has the advantage of other outdoor attractions close at hand in addition to flying. Club machines have established a record of 1,280 hours in the air for the half year just ended, Lt.-Comdrs. Stephens and Garside being amongst recent soloists.

Those Airships Again

I MUST confess to a sneaking dislike for airships. They provide a wonderful spectacle for the crowd, and I would even risk being bounced out of bed and getting stung by poisonous insects over Rio de Janeiro to make a trip in any airship, either British or German; but to be thoroughly inconsistent I object to the price we are paying for progress, when the money could be spent to much greater advantage on aeroplanes. Airships are far too vulnerable to be of value in any future war, so that their use for peaceful transport is their only raison d'être. Their capital cost and maintenance for a year or two leaves no change out of a million sterling, and as commercial vehicles their disadvantages, both technical and commercial, are legion.

..there's Health in it!



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There is no spirit so friendly to the digestion in our own particular climate as Gin—and because of its maturity there is no Gin so health promoting as BOOTH'S DRY, the *only* matured gin. Make a long drink of it—mix it with your summertime drink, it makes a world of difference . . . a drink that's soft and mellow and cooling . . . and there's Health in it!

BEFORE EVERYTHING

for the good of your health

BOOTH'S DRY AND TONIC WATER

BOOTH'S DRY AND SODA WATER

BOOTH'S DRY AND GINGER BEER

AND THE FINEST APPETISER

BOOTH'S DRY AND 'IT' . . . . . .

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CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*

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"THE QUORN at Shoby Cross-Roads."
"A GRASS COUNTRY: The Fernie near Billesdon."
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A STUDY IN BLACK AND GLOWING COLOURS

Black chiffon is allied with hand-printed tinsel in this beautiful ensemble from Liberty's. The dress, which is cut on Princess lines, has a very full flared skirt, and a floral design interspersed with golden wheat ears adorns the sheath-like top. The same line is repeated in the coat, which has a hem of heavier material and fin-like draperies on the sleeves

A crocheted turban in black and white wool from Arev, and a very graceful hat in brown hemp with two soft velvet bows poised on the brim

AMUSING ACCESSORIES

By Olive Caley Smith

Kitchen Garden Necklaces

IT is said that an artist can make a picture out of a puddle and a stick. Certainly, modern jewellery designers gather inspiration from unexpected sources. The latest to furnish them with ideas which they have turned to good account is the kitchen garden, for the very newest necklaces are composed of carrots, cauliflowers, and bananas, all strung together and expressed in masses of tiny glittering and opaque beads. The result is surprisingly attractive, though even more charming are chokers composed of clusters of such fruits as raspberries, blackberries, cherries and plums, nestling on green leaves. Another ingenious adaptation is the use of the wooden moulds that were at one time covered with material and made into buttons for trimming dresses. These are dyed in brilliant hues and are threaded unevenly but very close together, so that they form ruff-like necklets. They look ideal with country suits of homespun or speckled tweed, and add to them a striking colour note.

Wooden Bags

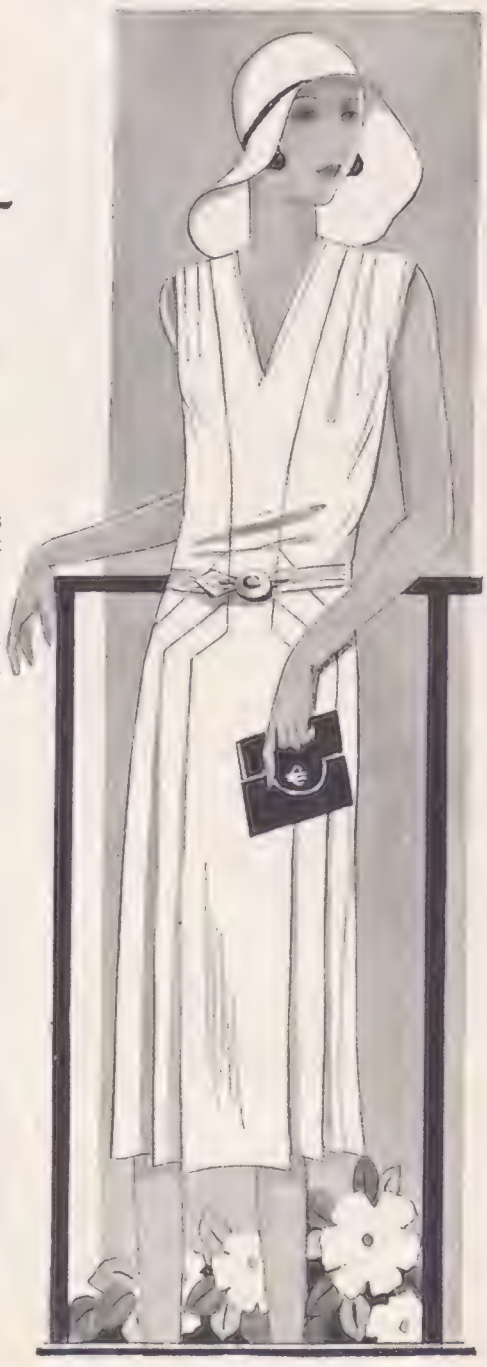
MADE on the same principle as Venetian blinds, pliable wooden bags are new candidates for feminine favours. Several kinds of wood are used, and the beauty of the graining and colouring are cleverly exploited. Wooden clasps, too, are playing an important part on many of the new models. Groups of wooden beads stressing the water marks in moiré silk adorned a beige pochette which had an imposing clasp of walnut and sycamore. Printed shantung is used with excellent effect for summer bags, the mounts being brilliantly enamelled or set with coloured stones, and pin-spot crêpe de Chine affairs are to be highly commended for they are extremely neat and lend themselves to original treatment in the direction of pipings and appliquéd motifs.

Hats are Versatile

SUMMER is the time for choosing hats, for then one can select models that really are becoming, secure in the knowledge that their sweeping brims or soft draperies will enable one always to appear at one's very best. This is a particularly easy matter for those who visit Arev, 1, Sloane Street, in whose salons were sketched the models shown on this page. The large one is made of brown hemp straw, and two graceful bows are poised on the brim. It costs 2½ gns., its companion, which is hand crocheted in black and white wool, being available for 2 gns. One of Arev's specialities is the making of tweed caps in one's own material for only 25*s*. This is a thing to be borne in mind when Autumn suits are being ordered. Incidentally, country clothes, day and evening frocks, and trousseaux may all be found here in addition to many other hats of various styles and hues.

Washing Silk is always Neat

WASHING silk dresses find a place in the wardrobe of every well-dressed woman, for they are splendidly useful and they always look correct. Sketched at the foot of this page is a delightful model from Huntley and Co. of 205, Regent Street, who are specialists in dresses for tropical wear. Made of Chartreuse-green washing silk, which will neither shrink nor fade, it has two deep box pleats at the back and front of the skirt. These are shaped over the hips and set into a narrow panel which runs from the base of the neck to the waist. It costs only 79*s*. 6*d*., and if preferred it can, at little extra cost, be made with long sleeves. Patterns and sketches for made-to-measure frocks or suits will gladly be sent on request if a personal visit is not possible.



Beautifully cut, on long slender lines, this Chartreuse-green washing silk dress from Huntley and Co. is deceptive in its simplicity

THE BAND THAT BLEW TOO HARD

BY LINDSAY CABLE

"ON THE ROCKS"

BUCHANAN'S

BY APPOINTMENT

WORLD RENOWNED
FOR
AGE AND QUALITY

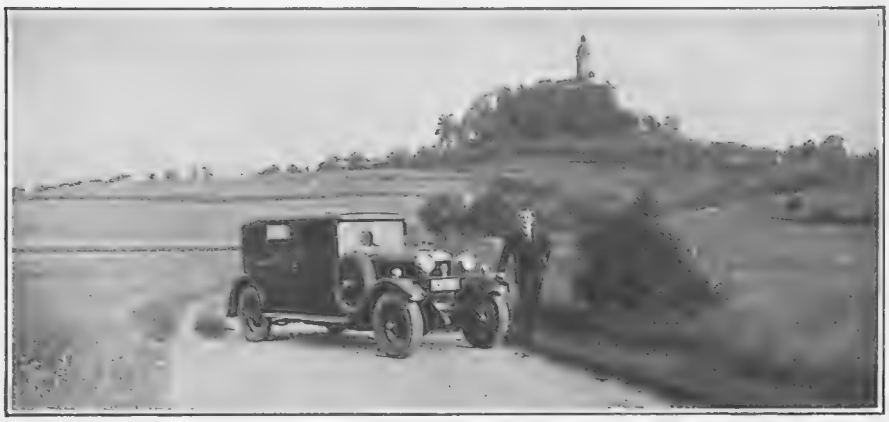
"BLACK & WHITE"

"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO. LTD. LONDON & GLASGOW.

MOTOR NOTES

CARS AND E.F.T.—A SNAG? By E. M. Wright



WITH A SUNBEAM ABROAD

A 16 h.p. Sunbeam Weymann Saloon owned by Herr Karl Nister, of Nuremburg It is seen on the road between Nuremburg and Rothenburg, with the Castle of Virusburg in the background

WITHOUT criticising the broad principles of Empire Free Trade, I should like to put a question or two on the subject as it affects the interchange of motor cars. Some of the most competitive foreign cars in this country are of American origin, but are made in works in Canada whence they enjoy preferential treatment in other parts of the Empire where duties are imposed. Under Empire Free Trade these duties would be removed, and there would be nothing to prevent this market, for instance, being flooded by what are simply disguised American cars.

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THEN there is the case of Australia, where they are struggling to establish a motor industry of their own, beginning with body building. Though British cars are given preferential treatment high protective duties are already imposed on all imported cars, and especially bodywork. Is it to be supposed that the canny Australians, who have never been averse from looking after No. 1, would agree to waive these duties and open the market to British cars which would kill their own aspirations for ever? No. I think that if the case for Empire Free Trade is weak anywhere it is on this question of motor cars, and it is rather interesting to note that our British manufacturers have been strangely silent on this aspect of the question.

***

IN christening their present model the "Silver Eagle," the Alvis people hit upon a beautiful name for a beautiful car which possesses in no small measure the grace and power of the bird it is named after. Last year I was able to write in high praise of the original "Silver Eagle." I have now had an opportunity of trying the improved version, which has only just been introduced, and my praise must be higher still. Incidentally, this car is a striking example of the high degree of perfection which can be attained by makers who concentrate practically on one model only.

***

IN its latest form it incorporates many important improvements. The frame has been lowered two inches, and the cross members rearranged. In addition to increasing the rigidity of the chassis, this latter modification allows of lower floorboards and still more comfortable seating in the rear compartment. Improvements in the carburation and induction systems still further enhance the acceleration, while thermostatically operated radiator shutters not only automatically keep the engine at an even and efficient temperature, but greatly improve the frontal appearance of the car. The suspension has been improved and the number of chassis lubrication points reduced to an absolute minimum.

***

A WIDER track permits of roomier coachwork and materially increases the seating capacity, so that there is ample room for five people. Furthermore, with its wider track the car now holds the road quite appreciably better, and very fast cornering can be indulged in with absolute safety. The flexible steering wheel with a new arrangement of control levers flush-mounted in the centre has added considerably to the driving comfort, and I would describe the driving position as ideal. The chassis price is £500, and the models available are the Atlantic four-light four-door saloon, the six-light coachbuilt saloon, and the two-door two-light clubman's coupé, each at £695, while there is also an extremely attractive four-seater tourer at £595 and two-three-seater at £585.

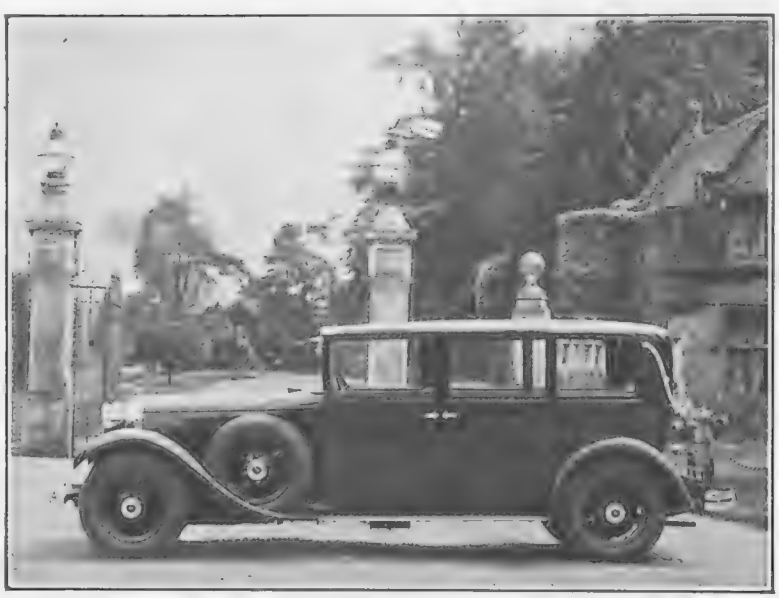
***

MESSRS. RILEY (COVENTRY), LTD., are to be congratulated on the high-speed test of a Riley Nine Monaco saloon recently carried out on Montlhéry Track, Paris. The object was not primarily that of speed, in which few people are really interested nowadays. It was to show the degree of reliability attained by this company after years of trial and experiment. There is no more searching test than the running of a small engine for long periods developing sufficient power to propel a perfectly standard saloon car at well over a mile a minute. In this trial the Riley ran 1,000 miles at nearly 68 m.p.h., and completed 3,125 at an average of 64.39 m.p.h. The bonnet of the car was sealed by the officials of the Automobile Touring Club de France, and at the end of the run the seals were intact. What further proof of a car's reliability is required?

***

OWNERS of Standard cars in and around London should note that the service and repair depot at 149, Lupus Street, Pimlico, has been closed, and a new and much larger one opened at Chase Estate, Park Royal Road, N.W.10. The premises were specially built for the purpose, and Standard owners will find that every facility is available both for quickly and efficiently dealing with repairs and adjustments to their cars, and for the

(*Continued on page iv*)



AN EXAMPLE OF PERFECT COACHWORK

One of the new specially built Lincoln cars, with an enclosed landaulette body, constructed at the Biggleswade works of Messrs. Maythorn and Sons, Ltd. It has eight cylinders with a 39·2 h.p. engine, is blue in colour, and is upholstered throughout in tan leather

THE IDEAL PETROL

NO ENTRY FEE

£2,000

OPEN TO ALL

in CASH prizes for motorists opinions

FILL in the blank squares on the right-hand side of the coupon, inserting therein numbers from 1 to 10 indicating the order of importance in which, in your judgment, the properties of petrol should be placed. The majority voting will decide who are to be the prizewinners.

You must also estimate the number of entries that will be received. This estimate will be taken into consideration only in the event of ties.

ASK YOUR PETROL DEALER for any extra coupons you require for yourself or your friends.

READ THESE CONDITIONS

The competition is open to all.

Names and addresses must be written in ink on the coupon in block letters. Only one attempt may be written on each coupon.

Coupons must be sent by post to British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Box No. 800, Britannic House, Moorgate, London, E.C. (Comp.), enclosed in sealed envelopes (1½d. stamp).

More than one coupon may be sent in each envelope. No letter must accompany coupons.

It is essential that the Box No. be included in the address.

Closing date—first post Wednesday, August 6th, but send in NOW or you may be too late.

Results will be published in the Press on September 7th.

The Judges' decision will be final and legally binding. No correspondence. No responsibility can be accepted for coupons that may be lost in the post or otherwise.

Employees of the Company are not eligible.

EVERY free entry coupon sent in will be worth 3d. to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales' Personal Fund (The British Legion Book Fund) for the charitable work of the British Legion. B.P. will contribute to the Fund at this rate per coupon. The British Legion endeavours to assist every Ex-Service man and the widows and dependents of those who lost their lives in the Great War.

1st Prize £1000
2nd Prize £250
3rd Prize £100
4th Prize £50
5th Prize £25

50 Prizes of £5 325 Prizes of £1

Fill in this Coupon NOW—it may be worth £1,000 cash to you

FREE ENTRY COUPON NO. 238	Order of Importance		Order of Importance
ACCELERATION		FREEDOM from DEPOSIT	
NON-PINKING		EASY STARTING	
SPEED		POWER	
MILES PER GALLON		CLEANLINESS	
HILL CLIMBING		UNVARYING QUALITY	

I estimate the number of entries at.....

Make and type of Vehicle, if any.....

Name and Address.....

THE NEW "BP" *the* IDEAL PETROL

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD., British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2, Distributing Organisation

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii

owner's personal comfort and convenience. The manager is still Mr. S. R. Birt.

Latest K.L.G. Folder

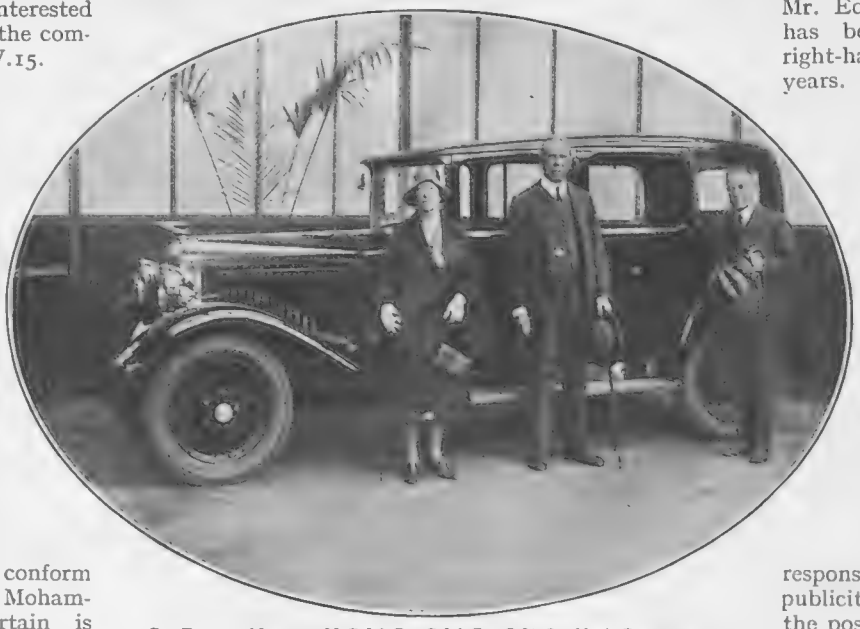
THE latest folder giving the types of K.L.G. plugs suitable for each car is a complete departure from the style adopted by this concern in the past. It covers every known make and model on the road to-day, however old—to judge by some of the names of marques long since forgotten. Readers interested should send for a copy to the company at Putney Vale, S.W.15.

A "Purdah" Hillman

YET another Eastern prince has shown his preference for British cars; for among the distinguished owners of Straight Eight Hillmans must now be included Sheikh Hamid Ben Asa of Alkhalifa, Ruler of Behrein, in the Persian Gulf. The car was supplied to him by Rootes, Ltd., world exporters for this make. It is standard in most respects, but has a scimitar painted on each door in place of a crest, and is fitted with a "purdah" curtain. To conform with the principles of the Mohammedan religion this curtain is drawn when ladies are being driven. It is always satisfying to think that British cars are represented even in the Far East.

Elfstedentocht

READERS may well stare at the heading of this paragraph. The mere word "Elfstedentocht" is enough to terrify anyone who has ever boggled over the "Judicial Position of the British Constitution." I hasten to assure them that it is not Welsh, but the title of an interesting car contest held every year in Holland. The race, incidentally, is as hard to win as it is to pronounce, for competitors must pass through all the chief cities of Holland's eleven provinces within twenty-four hours. Of the twenty-four cars which took part in this year's event only three were awarded gold medals, one of them being an Essex Challenger.



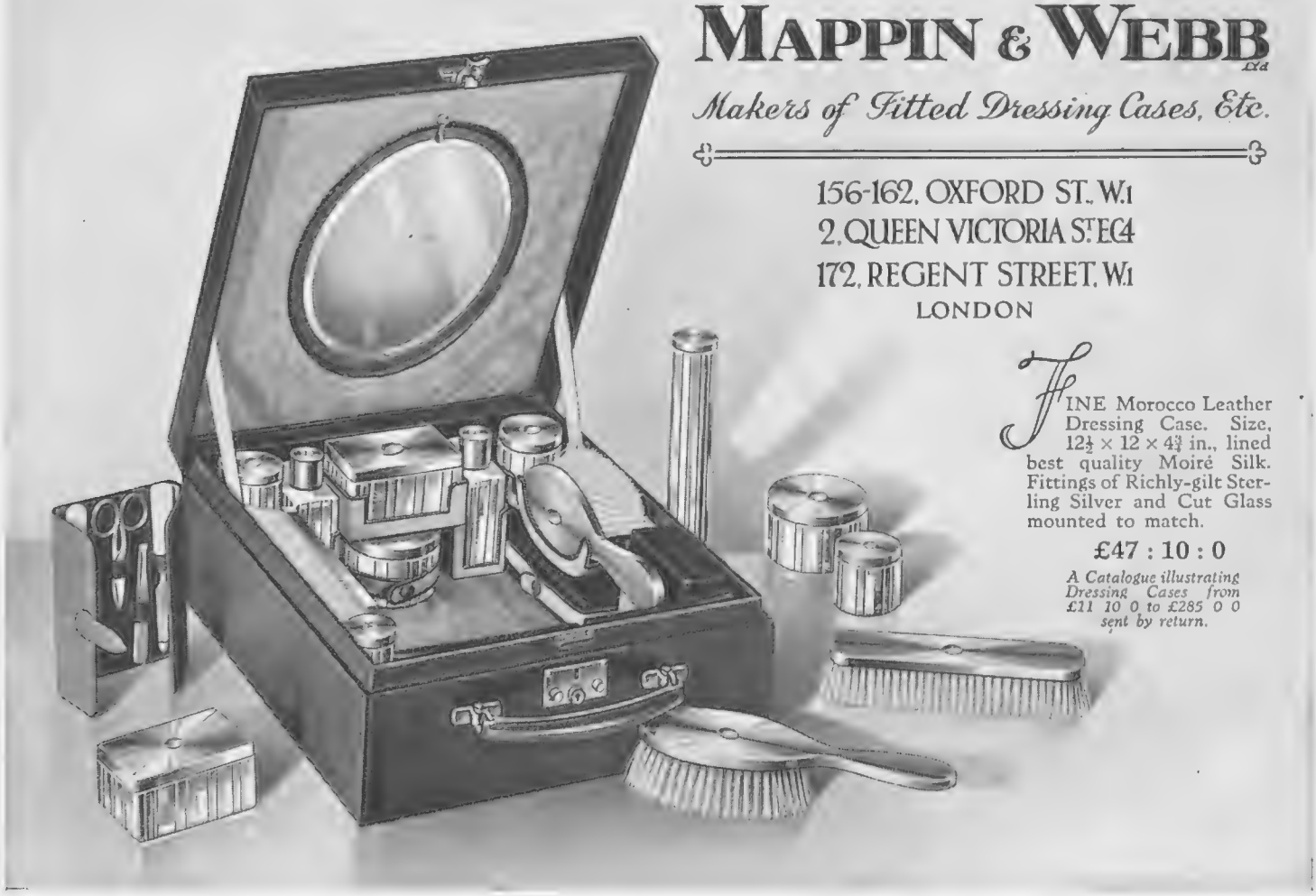
Sir Francis Newton, K.C.M.G., C.M.G., C.V.O., High Commissioner in London for Southern Rhodesia, and Lady Newton, with Sir Francis' secretary, Mr. B. F. Wright, photographed by a Vauxhall Westminster Saloon which has been supplied for the use of Sir Cecil Rodwell, K.C.M.G., the Governor of Southern Rhodesia

New S.M.M.T. Chief

NO more popular figure has been elected to the presidency of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders than Mr. Edgar Hanscomb Blake, who has been Sir William Morris's right-hand man for the past six years. For nearly thirty years before that he was in the Dunlop organisation, in which he rose to be assistant general manager and then sales manager when the present Dunlop Company was formed. Mr. Blake is of a type that is all too rare in the motor trade. He has already been Vice-President of the Society.

* * *

IT is also interesting to note that Mr. D. H. Noble, who joined the Rover Company twenty years ago and has for the last seven years been responsible for its advertising publicity, is shortly taking up the position of publicity adviser to the Hillman Humber combine. This is a post which calls for a really reliable man, and Mr. Noble will fill it all too well. E. M. W.



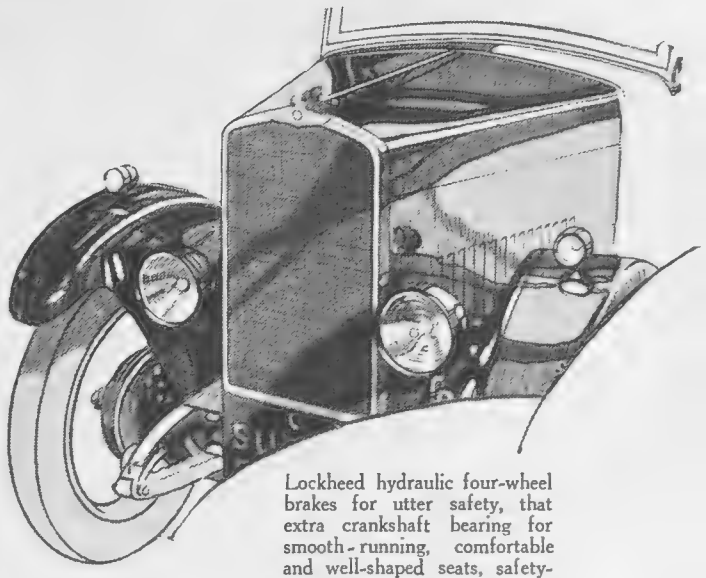
Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick-headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes for utter safety, that extra crankshaft bearing for smooth-running, comfortable and well-shaped seats, safety-glass, chromium plating, many colour schemes, just "that little more" makes the

TRIUMPH Super Seven

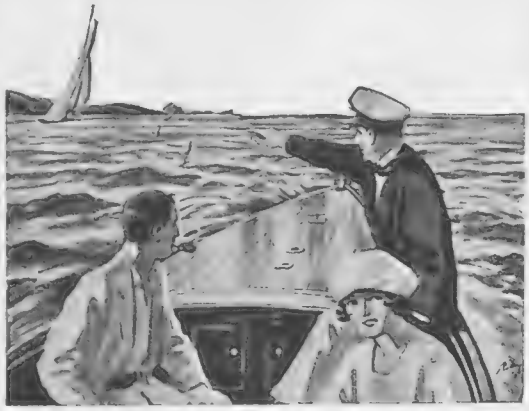
The finest small car in the world.

Models from **£162 10s. 0d.**, or **£45 9s. 6d.** down. Lucas Electrical Equipment and Dunlop tyres standard. Write for the Catalogue.

Triumph Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1 (1st Floor)

"KELVIN" COMPLETE MOTOR LAUNCHES

FITTED with the famous "Kelvin" or "Kelvin Sleeve" or "Kelvin-Ricardo" Engines, correctly installed and carefully tested afloat by the actual manufacturers, the range of KELVIN Launches offers a wide choice of skilfully designed and reliably constructed craft suitable for sea and river service.



Our Catalogue, containing informative diagrams and full particulars, will be sent immediately upon request.

25 to 30 finished hulls are usually carried in stock so that the more popular models are always available for immediate delivery.

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DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

The ideal holiday

ECCLES BIRMINGHAM

TRAILER CARAVANS

WRITE FOR LITERATURE TO WORKS-

STIRCHLEY BIRMINGHAM

MONARCH OF ALL HE SURVEYS! P. and A.

Mrs. Adele Rogers' fine Saluki, Elda Shahane, prefers to be aloft at the dog show recently held at Tattersall's

MEAT for the DOG

By Lady Kitty Ritson

MORE nonsense has been talked over the question of giving raw meat to dogs than over any other canine subject. How often does one meet people who tell you solemnly that meat is bad for dogs, will give them distemper, make them smell, or, last and most absurd argument of all, make them savage. You have only to examine a dog's teeth to realise that he is a carnivorous animal, just as to a certain extent we are. The modern dog biscuit contains some meat, and if people fed their pet dogs only on biscuit with a little broth added no harm would be done; in fact, the dogs would be perfectly healthy.

BUT, alas! how often do I get letters from correspondents who tell me that they give "little Flossie some bread and milk in the morning, some rice pudding and potatoes in the afternoon, and a drink of milk in the evening," after which information they ask me pathetically why "Flossie smells and scratches."

NOW, every dog should have, in addition to his biscuit, a certain proportion of meat per day. The average terrier and family dog can do quite well with something under a quarter of a pound a day, either cooked or raw, and in the small household this can be supplemented with any bits of gristle or pieces that humans don't like. Your dog does not need dainty food, on the contrary he needs "roughage" to keep him fit. A dog's gastric juices are very strong, and must be given something to "bite" on.

I.B.

A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS

These fine English Springer Spaniels appear to be somewhat shy of facing the camera. They are the property of Mrs. R. May and are always greatly admired when on show

IT makes my heart ache when I read letters from owners who, really loving their dogs, feed them on the most impossible food, for it is so easy to keep a dog well and costs so little. One meal a day is sufficient, and it should consist of meat and biscuit (the whole given dry for preference). Sloppy food makes dogs smell and is unnatural; if you must moisten it a little it should never be more than moistened, not so that all the crispness is taken away.

Our Correspondent, Lady Kitty Ritson, will be pleased to answer any query from dog lovers if they will communicate c/o THE BYSTANDER, *enclosing stamped and addressed envelope.*

THE GOURMET: By Emilia

A Picnic Luncheon

VARIOUS SANDWICHES.
SHRIMP FINGERS.
FISH IN JELLY.
COLD CHICKEN CHARTREUSE.
CUCUMBER. LETTUCES. SALAD DRESSING.
RASPBERRY SHORTCAKE.
CAKE. CHEESE. BISCUITS.
COFFEE IN THERMOS FLASK.

Shrimp Fingers

ORDER the required number of small finger rolls from the baker's. Split them open and remove some of the crumb. Butter the inside. Pick some shrimps carefully, removing all the shell; dust them with cayenne and fill the rolls, putting a little chopped watercress in each; press the sides together, and serve garnished with watercress.

Fish in Jelly

PUT into a pint of stock ½ oz. of gelatine, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Place over the gas, and directly the gelatine melts whip it briskly till it boils. Simmer for half an hour, strain, and allow it almost to set. Cut up 1 lb. of cooked salmon or turbot, freed from skin and bone, and slice two hard-boiled eggs, add more jelly, fish, etc., until all the ingredients are used. Scatter chopped parsley over. When quite set, turn out and serve with salad.

Raphael

M. CONTI

The well-known manager of the Café de Paris, in Coventry Street. This restaurant at the moment has a great attraction in Hal Kemp and his orchestra, who have specially come over from America to play

Cold Chicken Chartreuse

FOR this dish the following ingredients are required: about ½ lb. of cooked chicken, half a pint of Béchamel sauce, quarter of a pint of cream, about a pint of aspic jelly, two truffles, two hard-boiled eggs, and seasoning. Decorate the bottom and sides of a plain Charlotte mould, previously masked with aspic jelly, with thinly cut slices of truffle and slices of hard-boiled white of egg, and coat lightly with aspic jelly. Chop and pound half the chicken and pass it through a sieve. Dissolve, strain, and add the gelatine, Béchamel sauce, seasoning to taste, and the cream, slightly whipped. Mix well, and line the prepared mould with it. Mix the remainder with the rest of the chicken cut into strips and seasoned, and fill the mould. Allow it to remain in a cool place until firm, when it will be ready to serve. Garnish to taste.

Raspberry Shortcake

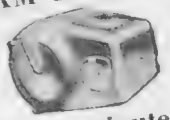
MAKE a cake mixture with the weight of three eggs in flour, sugar and butter, bake in shallow round tins, and leave till cold. Mash some ripe raspberries with a little sugar, sprinkle with liqueur, spread a layer of them on one of the cakes, place another cake over the raspberries sandwich fashion, repeat the fruit and another cake, and let the top cake be covered with the raspberries and some whipped cream.

B T-H

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC
REFRIGERATORS

Of the hundreds of thousands of owners—not ONE has spent 1D for SERVICE

The **B.T.H. Refrigerator** is absolutely **Worry Proof**: it operates without ever demanding your attention; does not even require oiling.
A small first payment brings one to your home a perfect servant. There is a model suitable for every home.
Send us a postcard and we will tell you the address of our nearest branch or agent where you can see a demonstration.

ICE CREAM IN 30 SECONDS

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a non-electrical appliance that is practical for use with or without a refrigerator.

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Branches and Agents in all the Principal Towns
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THE HOLIDAY-MAKER'S PARADISE
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Particulars from Wm. H. Muller & Co. (London), Ltd., 66-68, Haymarket, S.W.1, and all Tourist Agents.

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A range of wonderful Wedding Gifts
JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS LTD.
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Cutlers to His Majesty by Appointment

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Refreshing and Appetising
FREDK JACOB & Co LTD
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CASTILLON
BRANDY COGNAC AT ITS VERY BEST
The
ARISTOCRAT OF COGNAC

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Automatic Totalisators

It is interesting to note that the Right Hon. Lord Lovat, K.T., as chairman, and Col. Harold Wernher, Bart., have joined the board of the British Automatic Totalisator, Ltd., 56, Kingsway, W.C.2. As is well known, the firm are the official contractors to the Racecourse Betting Control Board, the All-England Lawn Tennis Club, and the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club.

Chocolate and Agriculture

At the present time more than 52,000 gallons per day of fresh, full-cream milk are being used by Cadbury's in the preparation of their milk chocolate. The whole of this milk is drawn from English farms, and Cadbury's milk stations in the heart of the milk country are now working continuously day and night to cope with the supplies from farms. From this it will be seen that the chocolate industry is a direct help to British agriculture.

For Hot Weather

When one is suffering from the effects of extreme heat and longing for a really good drink, it is very easy to refresh oneself with something which, while allaying the thirst, will in reality make you hotter. But it is equally easy to take something which will keep you cool. Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia acts both as a summer drink and a tonic. It constitutes the first line of defence against all childish ailments, and it is antiseptic in the true sense of the term, because it increases the powers of resistance against the many morbid influences which are liable to beset the lives of children. It may be given to the young and delicate with perfect confidence.

A Handbook for Motorists

An entirely new and rewritten and re-illustrated edition of "The Motor Repair Manual," has been introduced by the Temple Press, Ltd. It is intended for the owner-driver with some knowledge of the use of tools and workshop practice who wishes, so far as possible, to carry out his own repair work and adjustments. The twelve chapters cover workshop equipment, mechanical processes such as turning, filing, soldering and brazing, riveting, etc., and the treatment of the engine and various components of a car "The Motor Repair Manual," fifth edition, is priced at 2s. 6d. net.

FOR ALL GOLFERS

The handsome tankard which the North British Rubber Company, Ltd., will present to any golfer who holes out in one provided he or she is playing with a "North British" ball. Several of these souvenirs have already been presented

Why be Sea-sick?

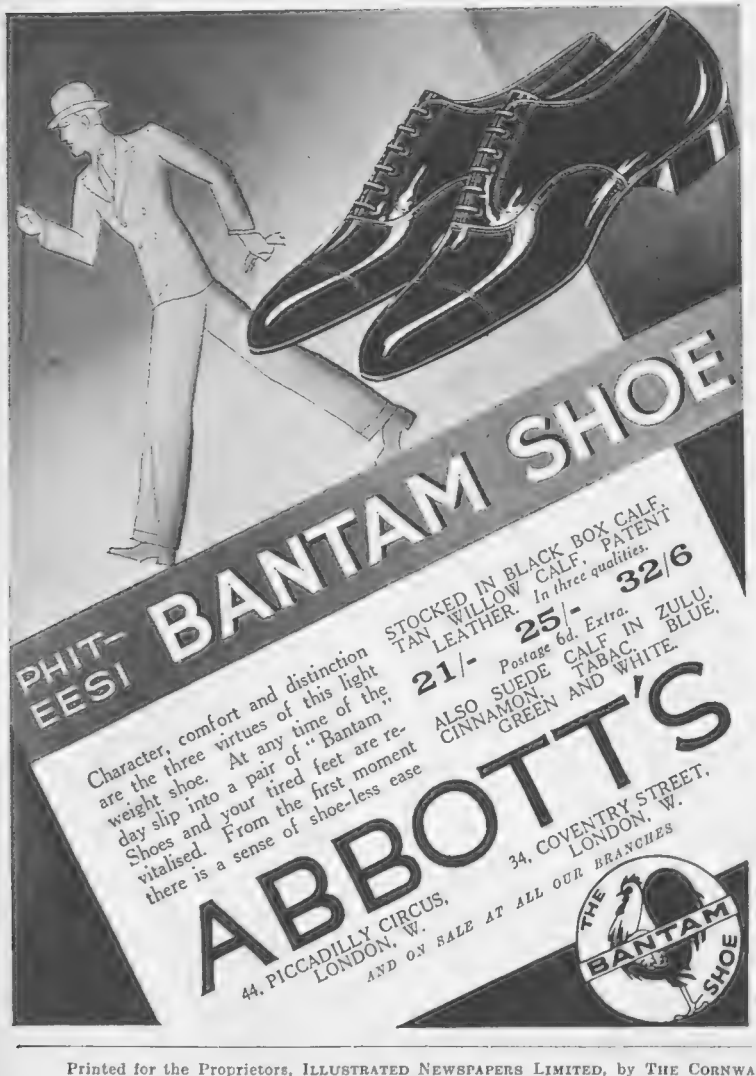
The increasing popularity of cruising as a holiday has caused medical science to direct special attention to sea-sickness. Certainly one of the pleasantest and happiest ideas is the invention of the "Solapad," a convenient belt which, worn next the skin, successfully prevents any tendency to a feeling of sickness.

"Solapads" are made for both sexes, and ships' doctors on many of our biggest liners have found this clever invention an absolute preventive against any form of travel discomfort.

They are obtainable at all big stores or direct from the manufacturers, Messrs. Solport Bros., Ltd., 184, Goswell Road, E.C.1.

New H.M.V. Lists

The comic opera *H.M.S. Pinafore* is now added to the His Master's Voice recordings of the Gilbert and Sullivan works. It has been recorded under the personal supervision of Rupert D'Oyly Carte, and the principals were selected from artists who have grown up with the Savoy tradition. They include such well-known people as Sir Henry Lytton, George Baker, Charles Goulding, Darrell Fancourt, Elsie Griffin, Nellie Briercliffe and Bertha Lewis. Other discs include Peter Dawson singing "A Bachelor Gay" from *Maid of the Mountains*, and delightful duets by Alice Moxon and Stuart Robertson



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This ROUSSEL LONG-BELT is woven in a new patented, porous elastic, which is very light and flexible, while the brassiere is hand-made in exquisite French lace. The garment is as cool and dainty as your silk lingerie, as easy to slip on, and just as comfortable in wear.

The smaller waist, the slimmer hips, demanded by the Princess line are correctly moulded immediately the belt slips down over the figure. And all the time it is in wear, a continuous massage-action is at work, reducing any ungraceful contours to trim slenderness. Next time you are in Regent Street, come in and try on a Roussel Belt.

Six months' free adjustment service is given with every belt.

POST ORDERS. You can order by post with confidence. Correct fitting guaranteed or money refunded. Give size of bust, waist, hips (stripped) and total height. *Prices.* In pure silk elastic £9 9 0. In firm thread and silk elastic £5 15 0. In *very light* thread and silk elastic £4 4 0. All models have hand-made lace brassières. Short-Belts to fit your figure from 16/-

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"Most Women Do" *is the title of an interesting little book, illustrated by Norman Keene, on Ladies' Dress. We shall be pleased to post a copy on request.*

Light Dresses	*cleaned from*	6/6
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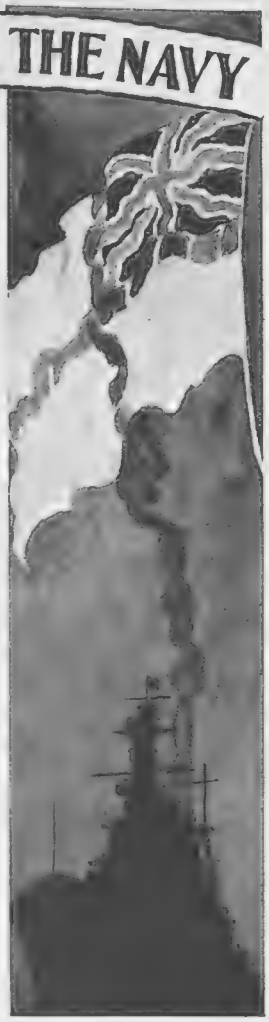

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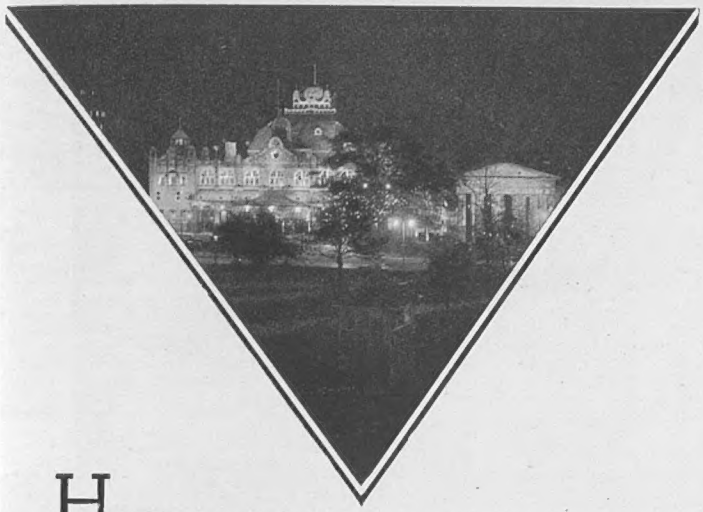

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